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The SOUTHERN Magazine

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South Carolina Number

March, 1934

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The First Word

With a desire to express our aims and policies in as simple manner as possible, we have embodied in the name of our choice, *The Southern Magazine*, what we expects to be—now and in the future, devoted exclusively to Southern States, and to those States where the United Daughters of the Confederacy have Chapter affiliations.

* * * *

Naming the Magazine was not an easy task. A prize of Five Dollars was offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, Front Royal, for the name chosen. This offer brought nearly three hundred names to our office. From this list, five were selected. As a final choice, the winner of prize is Miss Kate Grinstead, Lexington, Virginia.

* * * *

To stimulate an interest in the program for *The Southern Magazine*, we have planned to feature one Southern State each month. Beginning with the formation of the Confederacy, South Carolina has won the honor of first place on the program. Other States will follow in order of secession Mississippi will be specialized in the next issue.

* * * *

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A GLIMPSE OF CHARLESTON GARDENS

At Dawn Among the Azaleas

JOHN S. VAN GILDER

Permission Charleston Chamber of Commerce

"DING-A-LING-A-LING! Ding-a-ling-a-ling." the telephone in my Hotel Fort Sumter room was insistently calling. Reaching out into the darkness to the bedside table, I grasped the cold phone, and a pleasant voice said, "Good Morning! It's 5 o'clock."

Through my dream-clogged thoughts, it then dawned upon me that I was in Charleston, South Carolina, and that I had planned to get up bright and early to see the Azalea Gardens at daybreak. with the dew upon them, and before the 5,000 tourists who were expected that day, swarmed the walkways.

Somehow, I got to the window and the shade flipped up. Through gun-metal clouds a faint streak of rosy light was breaking above Fort Sumter out in the gray harbor. Little waves were washing against the Battery walls beneath my window.

To get up or not to get up, was the question. The cord and ring of the green window shade had carefully wound themselves around the roller as the shade had flipped up. It was difficult to reach and pull down again if I wanted to go back to sleep. The warm linen sheets called. The Azaleas also called. The Azaleas called loudest and won.

Speeding in a Cadillac out the 17-mile road to the Magnolia Gardens, under the guidance of a Charleston Chauffeur, no cops were sighted. The soft April morning hour was probably a bit early. Oak trees with gently swaying gray green Spanish moss were passed. Pink wild Honeysuckle and snowy Dogwoods in profusion were left behind. A blossoming white Dogwood entwined with gray Spanish moss, which we flew by, seemed like a marriage of Youth and Old Age. Turning abruptly to the right we entered between the gate posts of the road leading into the grounds of the Magnolia Gardens.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be disappointed." I confidentially told the chauffeur. I began to realize that I had probably built up my expectations of the Azaleas too much. I had probably been foolish in too much anticipation. I slumped into the seat—instead of leaning forward with expectation.

A green surfaced swamp with jet black water and towering leaf budding Cypress trees was being passed on our right. They reminded one of high Spanish combs set with emeralds. Cypress "knees," like the silvery gray legs of elephants, stood around in the water. "There are alligators in there," the chauffeur said. Frogs were booming out their welcome to the dawn.

Beneath, a double row of moss-festooned oaks, that shook hands over the road, we passed. To our left appeared a fluff of pink bushes and white bushes beside a tiny pool. The home of C. Norwood Hastie, Esq., the owner of Magnolia Gardens, was whisked by. A row of lavender, white and pink Azaleas caught my eye. They stretched from the house to a green garden gate of hedge plants.

The Cadillac stopped. I alighted. The chauffeur parked a little further on. A group of smiling Charleston darkies were around the gate. They looked like oldtime plantation darkies. The women were wearing run-over shoes. Some were crooning and "sweeping" the hard-sanded gate entrance walk with "brooms" made of small tree twigs. Some were still rubbing their sleep laden eyes. A smiling darkey in an automobile mechanic's suit came forward. My entrance fee was quickly paid and he offered to be my "guide" through the labyrinth of walks in the Garden.

Passing through the green hedge gateway, my "guide" started walking slowly ahead of me. For a few moments we were simply surrounded by informal green bushes along the walkway.

Then suddenly, before me, I caught a glimpse of something, through the soft greenery, like a Scarlet Tanager's wings in flight. A quick twist in the path brought me before a group of living glowing bushes of Azaleas on fire. They were the color of the Scarlet Tanager's wings—they rose and towered above me—they burned—they glowed before a green background of newly leafed trees. I tried to accurately guage their height. Each of the five specimen bushes in their clump must have been 20 feet high and 15 feet through—not a leaf was to be seen—not a twig—they were an avalanche of color. The early morning breeze stirred softly through them. They looked like 10,000 fluttering Scarlet Tanagers!

Beside them lay the fallen trunk of an ancient California Redwood tree. A new tree, as if to prove immortality, had sprung up from the old.

A curl in the pathway showed a tiny strip of water. Looking across it, I saw bright green marsh grass carpeting the other side. Out of it, flashing heavenward, were tongues of pink, white and lavender Azaleas. The silvery brown trunks of long leaf pine trees, with broad green tops, stood guarding over them. (*Please turn to page* 41)

Charleston «» Past and Present

By MRS. THOMAS S. SILCOX,
Historian Charleston Chapter No. 4, U. D. C.

CHARLESTON is unique! In reviewing her history, which has been written by many, and which has consumed reams of controversial paper, the one point which stands out above all other, is that Charleston is unique! And that she has the courage to want to remain so!

The first settlers on the bank of the Ashley River decided that the long peninsula opposite between the two rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper, would afford greater protection from marauding Indians, more water frontage, greater advantage in handling the commerce of the growing colony, and a more easily fortified location by land and sea.

So, after the laborious effort of settling themselves in one location they uprooted their hard earned village, crossed the river to the present site, and proceeded to ditch and dyke the peninsula, to wall in their homes and industries; to build docks and warehouses for the growing commerce of the colony, and finally to build substantial homes, calculated to give the greatest comfort in the warm climate, with large rooms and broad piazzas and with attractive gardens, many of which contained flowers and shrubs brought from their home lands, and designed in the manner of the older gardens of the continent.

Many of these old homes and gardens remain unchanged to the present day.

Charleston was unique, and also very fortunate in the class of colonists who built her foundations. In great part English, Scotch and French, her settlers were men of strong passions, opinions and prejudices, tenacious of customs; hard workers, reserved and self contained, but loyal to ideals of integrity and patriotism, not easily stirred, but once convinced of injustice or oppression, adamant in their determination to fight for their rights.

There were few of the penal class among these first settlers; many were men of culture and learning, and their first effort after the natural one of making homes in the new land, was to establish cultural agencies for themselves and their children. This was necessary too, because Charleston geographically, with the rivers and marshes and forests surrounding, was greatly isolated for a long time. It is not remarkable,

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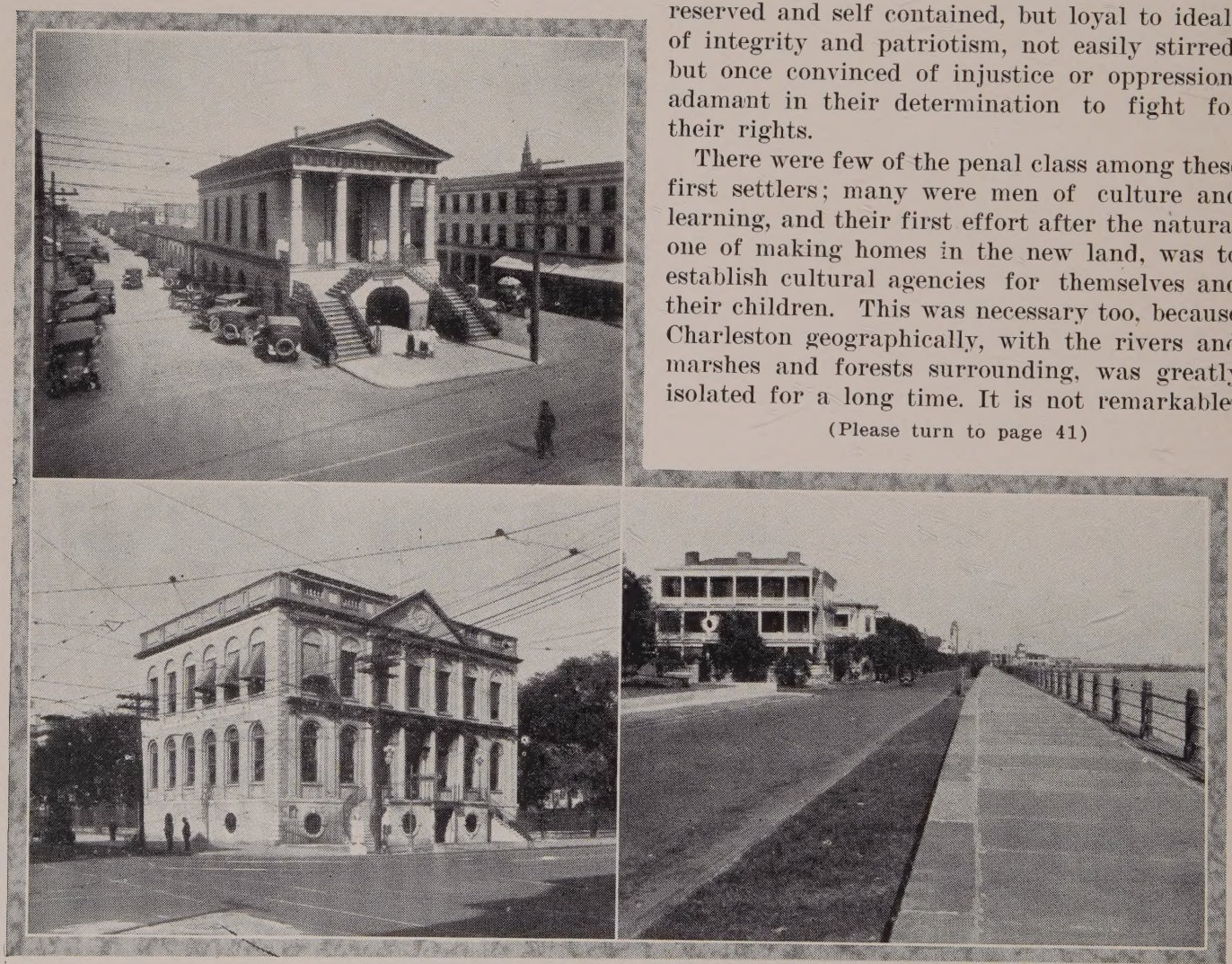

UPPER LEFT—Old City Market, at Charleston, S. C., building contains Confederate relics. LOWER LEFT—City Hall of Charleston, built in 1801. RIGHT—East Battery, historic and beautiful promenade and boulevard.

Fort Sumter Defeats the Ironclads

Condensed from "Look Back to Glory," a novel by Herbert Ravenal Sass. Copyright 1933.

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AT thirty minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon of April 7, 1863, the long-roll was sounded in Fort Sumter.

At that hour all doubt as to the intention of the enemy vanished from the mind of Colonel Alfred Rhett, commanding the fort. The meaning of the heavy concentration of Federal war-ships off Charleston bar during the past few days was at last entirely clear. The ironclads of Admiral DuPont's fleet were moving forward in line of battle.

In Fort Sumter, just within the mouth of the harbor, the movement of the ironclads had been observed from the beginning. By early afternoon the seriousness of DuPont's purpose was unmistakable. The great naval attack upon Charleston, elaborately prepared by the North and long expected by General Beauregard, the alert commander of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, was about to begin.

At ten minutes before three o'clock the first ironclad in the line, the monitor "Weehawken," having an Ericsson torpedo-searcher raft attached to her bow, was directly opposite Fort Moultrie at the northern entrance of the harbor. Richard Action saw white smoke roll in a curling cloud above the parapet of Moultrie and the next moment the stillness of the bay was broken by a heavy detonation. The range was too great for Moultrie's smooth-bore columbiads: after a few rounds they suspended their fire. One shot from the "Passaic," the second vessel in the line, was fired in contemptuous reply.

It was plain that the shore batteries on either side of the entrance were not seriously considered by Admiral DuPont. Fort Sumter, in the middle of the harbor mouth, was the lion in his path, and against it his effort was to be directed. The black ominous ships held steadily on their way, biding their time. But those opening guns had sent their message rolling above the calm waters of the inner bay. The roofs of Charleston and the long reach of the sea-wall promenade were thronged with thousands gathering to witness the battle upon which their fate depended.

At three minutes after three o'clock, the "Weehawken," still leading the line, had approached within fourteen hundred yards of Fort Sumter. Two puffs of white smoke leaped from her turret, instantly merging to form a single snowy cloud. Richard heard the heavy report of the simultaneous discharges, he heard a humming sound increasing to a roar, followed immediately by the crash of a bursting shell, then silence.

The silence lengthened; he could hear the quick breathing of the men near him. A gunner behind him laughed nervously. There was another heavy report; the turret of the second ironclad was enveloped in smoke.

"Too high," a voice whispered hoarsely. "And one of 'em didn't burst. Look at that flag." Acton saw that there was a clean hole through the regimental colors flying above the gorge wall.

"Rhett better come down," another voice said. "If that damned thing had been lower...."

Colonel Rhett and his aides were still standing on the southeast parapet fully exposed. Rhett, conspicuous in his parade uniform, was bending slightly forward. He was watching the "Weehawken" intently. He hadn't, Acton realized, so much as turned his head when the shell burst.

Acton's gaze remained fixed upon the tall figure sharply outlined upon the parapet. He hadn't in the old days known Alfred Rhett well. In a duel in the second year of the war Rhett had killed Colonel Ransom Calhoun, at one time commander of Fort Sumter, and later had succeeded to the post which Calhoun had held. The affair had caused bitter feeling—Calhoun had been exceedingly popular—but the prescriptions of the code had been followed strictly, and no one had questioned Rhett's fitness to command. He was fearless, a born soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and he had taught the Sumter artillerists how to shoot. Under his rigid training, the First South Carolina Regiment had become one of the best artillery commands in the Confederate service. A man at Richard Acton's elbow, a bearded private from the up-country, was muttering to himself.

"Why the hell don't he come down?" the man was saying. "I aim to kill him myself when the war's over on account o' Ransom Calhoun, and ef he stays up thar, the Yanks'll kill him first."

Richard Acton found himself wishing with an increasing intensity that Colonel Rhett would descend from the exposed parapet. The other officers with him didn't matter so much, but for the moment the whole fate of Fort Sumter and of Charleston seemed comprehended in the fate of Alfred Rhett. At any moment the next salvo from the ironclads might come. He saw that Rhett was

still watching the "Weehawken" closely; he knew that the Sumter battery commanders had been ordered to withhold their fire until the leading Federal ship reached a certain buoy.

A tall man, in the uniform of a cavalry colonel, his left arm supported in a sling, ran up the narrow brick stairway leading to the parapet where Rhett stood. He saluted the officers there and moved forward to Rhett's side. Richard recognized James Hail. He was conscious of a sudden hot flare of resentment, anger. So that was why Diane was in Charleston. Evidently Hail had been wounded and had come home from Virginia on leave. He must have hurried down to Sumter from Charleston by boat to offer Rhett his services. Acton heard Captain Mazyck Marion speaking in a low voice to the men of the battery.

"That's Colonel Hail, men," Marion said; "Hail of Wade Hampton's cavalry—we can't lose now."

There was a general craning of necks. In two years of war James Hail had become a legendary figure, one of those celebrated, romantic leaders in whose individual brilliance the passionately individualistic South found warrant for that faith which had dared challenge an adversary of three times its strength. There was the beginning of a cheer which Captain Marion quickly suppressed. Hail nodded, smiling; he lifted his unwounded arm in salute. Suddenly Richard saw Colonel Rhett raise his hand.

The "Weehawken" had reached the buoy upon which the eastern barbette guns of Sumter had previously been trained. With a deafening crash the whole front of the fort burst into flame. Crash followed crash; dense clouds of smoke rolled up above the rampart. Firing by battery, the guns of Sumter, combined at first upon the "Weehawken" and then upon the "Passaic," ripped and churned the blue waters of the bay.

Richard Acton lost all knowledge, all consciousness, of what was happening beyond the sphere of his immediate action; his whole being was concentrated upon the swift and machine-like handling of the powder charges for the eight-inch gun to which he had been assigned.

He was filled with an exaltation, a happiness, surpassing anything he had ever known. It came somehow from Diane; she flashed in and out of his thoughts, but he had no clear vision of her. He saw, too—a momentary flash, as of lightning—the columns of Avalon far off through a shadowy vista of overarching oaks; he seemed to hear again a golden tinkling of cow-bells. But presently all this passed; the exaltation left him. Abruptly, as though until that moment he had been utterly deaf, he became aware of the infernal and intolerable guns.

He couldn't stand it, he felt; it would drive him mad; the smoke in his nostrils and throat was strangling him. There was a heavy shock; the whole massive rampart of Fort Sumter rocked and trembled. He heard the crash of a falling wall, followed by screams and groans. The smoke around him cleared suddenly; beyond a space of blue water he saw the ironclads.

The funnel of one was black with a red band around the top—the "Weehawken"; another's funnel was gray with a green band; a third was enveloped in the smoke of her own guns. Out of that smoke he saw clearly a great black sphere, apparently as large as a flour barrel, burst suddenly. It sped in full view across the intervening space. He realized with an intense surprise that his eye had followed the shell as it bounded from the port of the monitor's turret to the wall of the fort, and in the same instant he felt another mighty shock and again the fort shook to its foundations.

He wondered whether Rhett and Hail were still on the exposed parapet; thick smoke now obscured the spot where they had been standing. He smiled faintly. James Hail had always excelled him, defeated him. He, Richard Acton, was one of five hundred private soldiers serving the guns of Fort Sumter; but Colonel James Hail, lustrous with the glory he had won in Virginia, was up there in the battlesmoke. Up there with Rhett on the highest parapet, the point of utmost danger. In front and near at hand he saw a waterspout rise from the surface of the bay. A mortar shell had exploded just beneath the water; a blue and white column heaved upward to twice the height of the fort and, breaking, deluged the rampart with spray. A man beside Acton cursed shrilly and snatched off his scarlet cap; he saw that the crown of the man's cap had been filled with water.

He laughed; the man's solicitude for his cap seemed indescribably humorous. A runner came racing up the spiral stairway leading to the parapet battery and spoke to Captain Marion. Acton heard Marion's voice, issuing an order; he could not distinguish the words.

The awful shock, the more trembling of the fort, continued. The concussions were coming at shorter intervals; the Federal gunners were shooting more accurately. With a swift and horrible fear he realized presently that the firing of Sumter was perceptibly slower. The conviction came to him that the huge fifteen-inch guns of the turret ships were battering Fort Sumter to pieces.

He preceived in a moment, however, what had happened. Colonel Rhett had modified his plan of battle. The guns of Sumter were no longer firing by battery; they were firing piece by piece,

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MILES BREWTON HOUSE

ONE of the finest examples of Georgian architecture to be found in America, replete with the charm of a beautiful venture, relevant with the romantic atmosphere of the old south, alive with human and historic interest, is the Miles Brewton or Bull-Pringle Mansion on King Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

The fates have been kind and time has placed a gentle even caressing hand upon this rare house which has experienced the joys and sorrows of so many years. Earthquakes and wars have not demolished it and modernism has marred its beauty little.

Even a causal tourist would thrill at first sight of the home which writers, architects, gardners. craftsmen and historians have united in making famous.

In the brilliant sunshine of an April morning, the soft shades of the faded brick take on a delightful play of color with dark shadows enhancing the variety of warm pink and pale ivory tints. Guarding the entrance is an exquisite iron gateway, said to be the handwork of the matchless Tebo, one of the three great iron workers of the eighteenth century. The graceful high tracery, like a finely meshed veil over a beautiful face, reveals rather than conceals the loveliness and mystery of the place.

Flanking the stone walkway are giant plants known as the "Spanish Bayonetts." Brilliant flowered trees fling their colorful branches against the white pillars. The indescribable quality of age which is the essence of things, prevades the place.

The building is pure Georgian with a hint of Spain in the plastered coach house near with its red tiled roof and court yard wall. The double portico which has so many times been copied in detail is reached by two long flights of stone steps with broad landings and high iron railings. At each step a different vista presents itself. The double pilasters of the doorways, the elaborate tracery of the fan lights, the details of windows and balcony are so beautifully related to the whole that they make a tremendous first impression.

We enter a long wide hall tesselated in black and white marble with a doorway at the end through which a garden so beautiful that it breaths romance, and moonlight and dreams, is glimpsed beyond.

The north parlor is to the right, the south parlor is to the left. The spacious dining room and apartments but emphasize the fine manner, the elaborate entertaining and those lost days of leisure we never experience now.

On the floor above, true to the English decign, is the famous yellow drawing room and many bed rooms. It is not known whether an architect from the old world designed and built the house or whether Mr. Brewton supervised local workmen in carrying out his own plan. The fact that he built as he did, tells us something of the character of the man; his dignity, his reserve, his keen sense of beauty and generous hospitality. He was possibly about

(Please turn to page 44)

UPPER CENTER—Old Exchange building in Charleston, built in 1771. LOWER LEFT—Miles Brewton House, used by British during Revolution. LOWER RIGHT—The Powder Magazine was built in 1703. It is open to visitors.

A Short Story of Revolutionary Days

THE DIARY OF ALICIA YONGE

MARGARET SIMONS MIDDLETON

MAY 10, 1776.—Today is my sixteenth birthday; Papa gave me this book because he wishes me to keep a diary. He says that these are times that try men's souls; that we are seeing history in the making; and that a personal record will be interesting to our descendants. I was surprised when he mentioned descendants, but as I am sixteen, it is time I turned my thoughts in that direction.

More troops arrive and encamp on the green near the parsonage.

May 12.—We went to St. Michaels this morning and during the first hymn Mamma whispered "Don't look up now, but that is your cousin, Francis Marion, in the gallery with that young officer." When I looked, I felt so confused because the young officer was looking at me and our eyes met. I was flustered during the rest of the service.

After service, as we stood chatting under the portico, they came up. Mamma took both hands of the thin, wiry one in hers and said, "Francis, you have neglected us shamefully, but you are coming home to dinner with us today."

He answered, "Sally and Mrs. Yonge, I want you to meet my young kinsman and neighbor Lieutenant Cordes. I suppose this is young Sally," turning to me.

"Francis," reproved Mamma, "I never expected you to make such an ungallant speech. I refuse to be old Sally, even if I do wear a cap. This is my daughter, Alicia."

We laughed at her vanity. Mamma looks so young and pretty. They accepted her invitation and we walked down Meeting Street, through Tradd, to our home on East Bay. She walked first with Cousin Francis, but Papa stopped to talk with President Rutledge, so Mr. Cordes and I followed them. I hope Miss Roupel and Miss Motte saw me.

At dinner all the talk was about the British fleet which is coming to Charlestown to attempt to reinstate our deposed governor, Lord William Campbell.

"That's why you haven't seen me before, Sally" explained Cousin Francis, "we are building a fort of Palmetto logs on Sullivan's Island to protect you when they arrive."

Then why do we still pray for the King?" I cried.

"Daughter," chided Papa, "Your remark smacks of treason. We are his Majesty's loyal subjects, but his ministry has forgotten that we are free-born Englishmen and would make slaves of us. We fight for justice only."

I smarted under the rebuke—to be called a traitress by my own father! The tears came into my eyes, but Mr. Cordes smiled at me in an understanding manner. He asked permission to call again. His hair is reddish and his smile and manner most engaging. Cousin Francis is thin and has a large hook-nose. They belong to Colonel Moultrie's Second Regiment of Foot, and are stationed on Sullivan's Island.

May 16.—Mr. Cordes called this afternoon and Papa was quite pleased when he learned he had been educated for the law in England.

"Then you realize how Provincials are regarded by them, eh, sir? Any worthless sycophant is good enough to supplant Americans of ability and education. It's maddening. I don't relish having this General Lee take command of our forces, either. He may posses a splendid war record, but I'm weary of having the British lord it over me!"

"You're right, sir," agreed Mr. Cordes, "but General Lee is a man of remarkable military experience and is said to have received his first commission when he was eleven years old."

"I'll wager he was made a bugler and has been tooting his own horn ever since!"

We laughed; when he left, Papa said Mr. C. was a sensible young man.

Monday, May 26.—Something dreadful has happened! I am going to my first ball, on Friday night. Cousin Helen Smith says that we should not forget the stranger in our midst, so she is giving a ball for the young officers and insists that I come. Mamma is pleased, but Papa thinks that I am too young.

"Why Mr. Yonge," cried Mamma, " you forget I was married at Alicia's age!"

"An entirely different situation," he insisted. "You were the eldest of a large family and responsibility aged you."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Mamma, "We've babied Alicia long enough. She will need a genteel dress and, now that we have stopped importing from England, I don't believe it will be possible to buy a decent piece of silk in the city. I know what I

will do—I will have my blue lute-string made over for her."

"Not the dress you wore when you were presented to the Queen?"

"Yes, indeed. It's rather tight now, and I have the portrait Ramsey painted of me in it; so that should be memory enough. You are to have a beautiful dress for this occasion; first impressions are most important."

Papa looked disgusted and said she was putting notions in my head, but I appreciate the sacrifice I know she is making.

Our seamstress is altering it now; I become hot and cold when I realize I will be wearing it Friday night. Perhaps I may have a fever and be unable to attend. I would be glad if it did not seem cowardly to shirk your duty to your neighbor. But suppose I have no partners?

Saturday, June 1.—'Tis three in the morning but I must subscribe my impressions before retiring. My fervent prayers were answered, and it was a most enjoyable occasion with no lack of partners. I wanted to cry out, "It's Mamma's blue lute-string dress you are admiring, not me," but did not, except to Mr. Cordes.

Mamma was delighted with my appearance. "I have never seen a dress become a person more, Mr. Yonge. Have you?"

"Twas equally becoming to you, Sally," he insisted. Mamma looked pleased and went over and kissed him.

"If Mr. Theus were living, I would have him paint her in it," Papa continued gravely, so I knew he was satisfied with my appearance. The blue dress did go well with my blue eyes and fair hair. At least, most of the officers seemed of that mind, Mr. Cordes in particular.

Before retiring, I went into the pantry for a glass of buttermilk; as I approached the library I heard Papa say, "Francis Marion tells me that the Cordes plantation, Ricehope, is one of the richest on Cooper River," and Mamma answered, "Yes, and the Cordeses are a splendid old Huguenot family." I was queerly agitated as I kissed them good-night.

May 31.—Our president, Mr. John Rutledge came to see Papa this afternoon, because dispatches have arrived from Dewee's Island saying that a British fleet with about forty transports passed there today on their way to Charlestown. I feel so worried about Cousin Francis and the other officers at the fort.

June 1.—Admiral Peter Parker's fleet has arrived and is anchored beyond the bar. People are beginning to leave the city. Papa, being a lawyer, gentlemen come to consult him at all hours, now, and tonight I was on the iron balcony when he received several in the large, upstairs drawing-room, because it was cooler there than downstairs. As I sat outside, I heard a snarly voice say, "Well, the rats are already starting to leave the sinking ship."

Papa replied, "Now, Mr. Porter, that's not quite fair. This is not a popular cause. We have not suffered financially, as the New Englanders have, but have been most prosperous under his Majesty's rule. It's hard to get people to enthuse over abstract principles which do not affect their pockets. Naturally, they do not want to be found in this city if it is taken. If we lose, many are likely to be elevated."

"Yes, by a rope," returned another. Suddenly I felt cold on the balcony. Elevated by a rope! God have mercy on us.

June 11.—Our friends leave the city. Papa worries about Mamma and me, but when he begs her to go to a place of safety, she just says, "I am ready to leave whenever you are, Mr. Yonge," and although he is so stern, I can tell he is pleased inside.

General Charles Lee arrived a week ago and has been accorded an enthusiastic welcome. He, and President Rutledge, Cousin Francis and Mr. Cordes dined here today. I disliked General Lee at once. He thinks Colonel Moultrie unwise to continue with the fort on Sullivan's Island and wants him to abondon it. He complains because Colonel Moultrie disregards his opinion and advise.

"General Lee's still tooting his own horn," I whispered to Mr. Cordes, and we smiled at each other.

I listened carefully, as they said how Sir Henry Clinton is landing thousands of soldiers on Long Island, which is just north of Sullivan's Island and only separated from it by a narrow inlet. They fear that when the ships attack the fort. Sir Henry Clinton will cross the inlet and attack the fort from the rear. Colonel William Thompson and his Rangers have been stationed at the northern end of Sullivan's Island, opposite Sir Henry Clinton. Mr. Cordes says they are having a terrible experience dragging two cannon up to that end of the island. They have to be moved at low tide on the beach.

If this city is taken, I shall hide in the secret closet by the mantle in the drawing-room. I have put bread and water in it already. Papa said "Suppose they fire the city?" "Our house is made of bricks," I replied.

June 22.—This noise is deafening. The warehouses and wharves across the street are being

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Social Diversions of Confederate Women

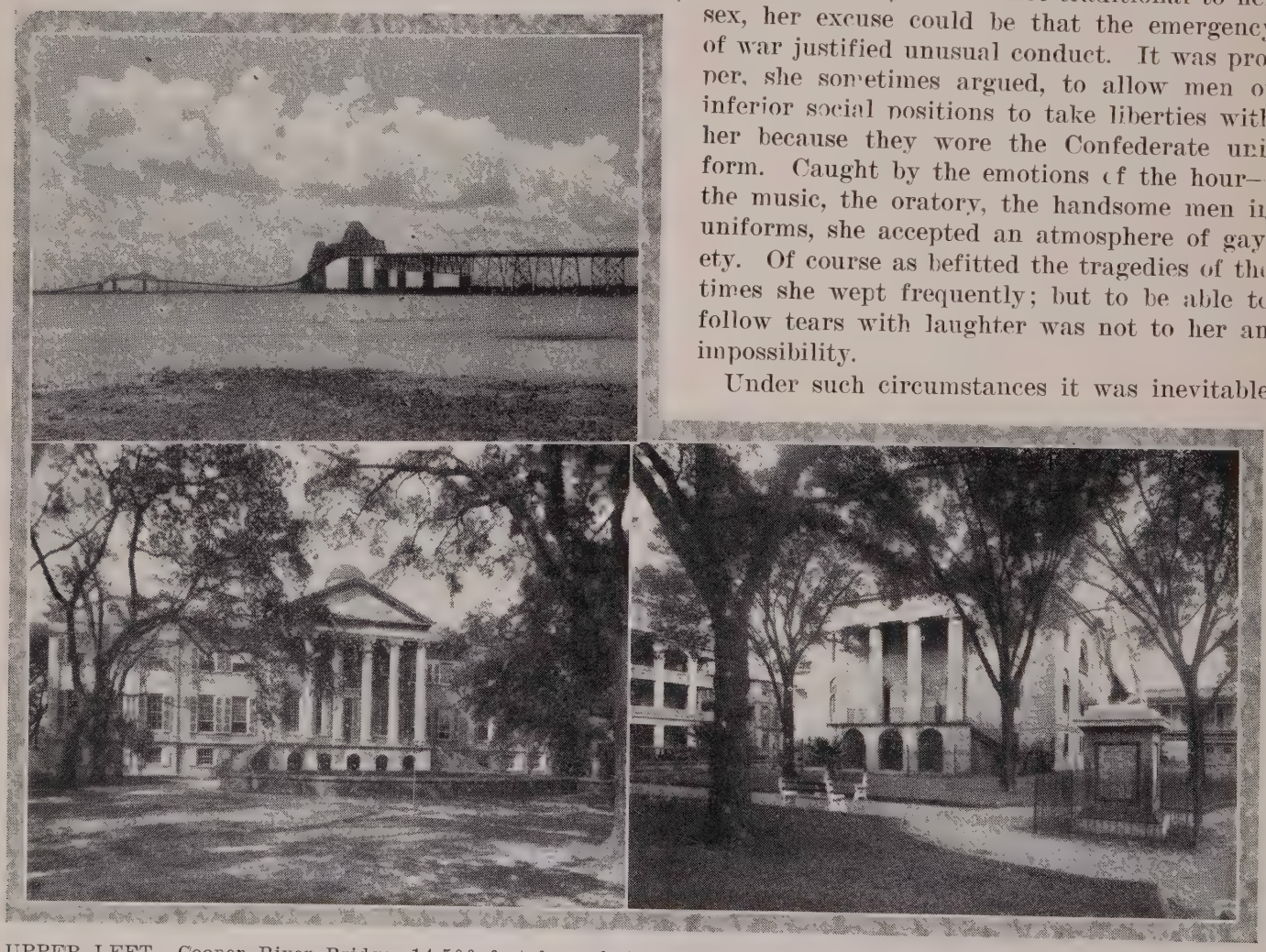
FRANCIS BUTLER SIMPKINS. Ph. D.

PART ONE

THE Southern lady had long been accustomed to taking a prominent part in social diversions. A leisurely social system sustained by slaves gave her much spare time, and she, in the ideal if not in the reality, was expected to spend this time, not in labors, but in the gratification of feminine vanities and pleasures. As the apex of a society which imagined itself the reincarnation of medieval chivalry, she demanded and received the fealty of gentlemen as a sort of natural right. They, gifted in rhetoric, lavished fine phases upon her and she in return talked spaciously on subjects interesting to man. The men waited on her with an inexhaustible patience and graciously heeded the demand that they attend innumerable social functions planned by her. There she was the center of attraction.

War conditions accentuated the social prominence of the lady. The fact that one of the reasons why the war was fought was to protect her, added to her charms. The necessity of the men being frequently separated from her because of military duties gave her the romantic splendor of the distant and made her company and the rare occasion of the furlough a joy devoutly anticipated. In places where troops were concentrated the men always outnumbered the women, a situation which gave the women obvious social advantages. Moreover, the woman on her own account was able under war conditions to do novel things which increased her independence. For the first time in the history of the South she traveled without male escort, secured remunerative public employment, was absorbed by political and military discussions, and on one occasion at least made a public address. When guilty of acts not traditional to her sex, her excuse could be that the emergency of war justified unusual conduct. It was proper, she sometimes argued, to allow men of inferior social positions to take liberties with her because they wore the Confederate uniform. Caught by the emotions of the hour—the music, the oratory, the handsome men in uniforms, she accepted an atmosphere of gayety. Of course as befitted the tragedies of the times she wept frequently; but to be able to follow tears with laughter was not to her an impossibility.

Under such circumstances it was inevitable



UPPER LEFT—Cooper River Bridge, 14,500 feet long, built in 1929 at a cost of $6,000,000.
LOWER LEFT—College of Charleston, oldest municipal institution of higher learning in United States. Chartered 1785.
RIGHT—First fireproof building in America, built to house the records of Charleston County in 1826.

that the Confederacy should have been inaugurated amid a flare of social display in which the feminine element played the leading part. From Charleston, Montgomery and Richmond, the centers of Confederate activities, came stories of social happenings in a sense as conspicious as the parallel military and political events Prominent women rushed to these places. When Mary B. Chestnut's negroes suggested to her that she remain on her plantation, this social leader replied, "Stay in Camden? Not if I can help it." From Camden she rushed to Charleston, Montgomery and Richmond. Some women were so gay that they seemed not to have realized that they were standing on the brink of a tragic war; others resolved to be as gay as possible in the short interval before the arrival of that actuality. There "could not be," said a witness of the "elegant fete champetre" held at Charleston in honor of General Bauregard, "too much beauty to do honor to the occasion, and although few in civilian dress were present, no thought of war beclouded the "gavety of those who joined the brilliant throng that day." "I was taken to drive and asked to tea," said Mrs. Chesnut of other phases of the Charleston social life. "There could not have been nicer suppers, more perfect of their kind than were to be found at the winding up of those festivities."

The coming of Mrs. Jefferson Davis to Montgomery was as significant an event in the social sphere as had been the coming of her husband in the political sphere. Before her arrival ladies of the town converted the President's suite at the local hotel into a bower of flowers. This "flowery kingdom" relieved the depression which Mrs. Davis had previously felt and she graciously assumed the position of the social leader of the Confederacy. All English visitor described her as "a comely, sprightlyy woman, verging on matronhood, of good figure and mannrs. well- dressed, lady-like and clever," presiding without affection over receptions held in a modest villa styled with exaggeration the White House of the Confederacy. Every celebrity in the South came under the influence of Mrs. Davis and her coterie at these receptions. The ladies of Montgomery were not to be outdone by the newly-arrived women of the official circles. "Such dinners at the Bibbs," such balls at the Pollards' and such receptions at Governor Moore's mansion," wrote Mrs. Louis D. Wigfall to her daughter in Texas, of their activities.

The transference of the Confederate capital from a small Alabama town to a city of some size naturally meant an enlargement of social functions. Richmond became such a center of gayety that to some the scene looked more like a carnival than war. Crowds of women of various social classes thronged the city's hotels and boarding houses, taking advantage of abnormal conditions to express emotions long suppressed. There were dances, receptions, reviews, presentation of flags, women rushing to windows to wave handkerchiefs to favorite regiments and officers. For the reviews ladies in fine carriages moved out to the suburbs to admire and to be admired by officers in bright uniforms and on mettlesome steeds. "What young yirl's heart would not beat quicker in response to such experience?" wrote Constance Cary of such a visit. "There were dinners cooked and served to us by our soldier lads, spread over rough pine boards, eaten out of tin plates and cups amid such a storm of rollicking gayety and high hope that war seemed a merry pastime." Mrs. Davis, in a landau drawn by spirited bays and surrounded by friends, was often the center of attraction on such occasions.

The initial clashes of arms seem to have in no way slackened the social pace of the Confederate capital. Actualities of war, as is often the case, excited the women to fresh adventures. Mrs. Clement C. Clay wrote, "With a knowledge that we were in a city which, more than any other, invited and defied our spirits. Though the boom of guns was not a distant sound, and the solemn carrying in of our wounded became increasingly frequent, few gave way to apprehensions and doubts." Forgetting perhays the wounds which they may have dressed in the morning, the women turned their evenings into entertainments for the heroes in civil and mil-

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Mammy's Sayings

MINNIE MARKHAM KERR

When the sun of early Spring
Streamed through dusty window-panes,
Showing upon everything
Traces of the winter's stains,
My old Mammy used to say:
"Dirty sunshine, chile, today."

When, perverse, I would not eat
What was served upon my plate,
Scornfully disdaining meat,
She would say in tones sedate:
"Bettah eat whut Mammy gibs;
Bacon sticks to chillun's ribs."

Bed-time always came too soon
In those play-enchanted years.
Mammy's palpitating croon
Mingled with my sleepy tears:
"Come on, now, go rock-a-bye;
Bad man comin' ef you cry."

Down the trail of memory
All those childish days have gone,
Passing years have taught to me
Hard words in life's lexicon.
Mammy bore my sorrows too:
"I'se talkin' to de Lawd fo' you."

Now the Lord has called to her
From the glory of His throne:
Sent his choicest messenger
To identify His own.
Mammy's cold lips breathed a name:
"Come Marse Jesus!" And he came!

The Early History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy In South Carolina

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, Ex-President General U. D. C.

ALL beginnings are very important epochs in the lives of individuals, organizations, states and countries. They may be very auspicious and lead to great achievements. South Carolina and South Carolinians have been at "the Beginning" of many events in American life and history.

When the idea of organizing the Daughters of the Confederacy occured in the minds of Mrs. Goodlet of Tennessee and Mrs. Raines of Georgia, it was natural that they should look for cooperation to South Carolina. Mrs. Raines undertook to interest South Carolina in the movement.

At the suggestion of Colonel James Holmes of Charleston who was active in the U. C. V. at that time, a meeting was called on November 17, 1894 in the Carolina Rifles Club Armory, Charleston, by Miss Henrietta Murdock and Miss Martha D. Washington. Miss Murdock presided at this meeting and Charleston Chapter U. D. C. No. 4. was organized.

The charter held by this chapter is dated January 5, 1895, and is signed by Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, president and Mrs. J. P. Hickman, secretary for the National Society of The Daughters of The Confederacy. The charter members names who appear on this charter are: Miss Henrietta Murdock. Miss Martha D. Washington, Miss Lillie De Saussure, Elizabeth E. Holmes, C. M. McCord, Louise M. Smythe, Sophie L. Cheves, Mrs. J. H. Murdock, Mrs. Smythe was the first president of the chapter and Miss Martha D. Washington was Recording Secretary, Mrs. Edwin Miles Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. James Conner chairman of the Board of the chapter.

Three President Generals, United Daughters of the Confederacy from Charleston, S. C., Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Mrs. Augustine Smythe, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton.

At the request of the Wade Hampton Chapter U. D. C. No. 29, the Charleston Chapter U. D. C. No. 4, parent chapter in South Carolina, called a meeting in Columbia, S. C. of the eight South Carolina Chapters then organized in South Carolina for the purpose of organizing the South Carolina Division United Daughters of Confederacy.

On May 28, 1896, the South Carolina Division was organized. These eight chapters whose dates of charters antedate May 28, 1896, all carry chapter numbers under 64 showing they were among the first one hundred chapters ever organized by the General Orgainzation.

In considering the dates of the organization of Divisions we find that the South Carolina Division was the fifth one organized. The Divisions of Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and Texas antedating the South Carolina Division by less than a year in each case.

After the organization of the Division in Columbia on May 28, 1896, Mrs. A. T. Smythe of Charleston was elected the first president of the S. C. Division and Miss Martha D. Washington was the first Recording Secretary.

In beginnings we may record that the South Carolina Division inaugurated its Historical Department in 1899 under the chairmanship of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim of Charleston and in 1903 under Miss Poppenheim's leadership historical evening was established as a part of the program at the Division's Annual Convention. This was the second historical evening established by a Division. The Texas Division having the honor of being the first to introduce this feature into U. D. C. work. Miss Adelia Dunevant being the Historian of Texas Division at that time. Both Texas and South Carolina antedate the General U. D .C. in this matter by ten years.

South Carolina was also a pioneer in its educational work. This Division upon recommendation of its Division President, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim in 1906 undertook the establishment of a scholarship for a girl in a college in South Carolina and from this nucleus has grown the important educational work of this Division which fur-

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Colonial Churches of Charleston

VIVIAN M. WORKMAN

RELIGIOUS persecutions that marked this period in Western Europe played a most important part in the types and classes of colonists who came to find haven under the liberal rule of the Board Proprietors. While other colonies were growing slowly from the few adventurous souls who had originally settled them the Province of Carolina was rapidly peopled by an influx of liberty loving groups who, denied freedom to worship in their respective countries, sought eagerly to cast in their lot and fortune in the making of this new asylum. Thus is found, shortly after the coming of the English and Irish colonist under William Sayle, an in-pouring of Dutch emigrants, followed in 1680 by the coming of Huguenots and records show that in 1680 German emigrants had fairly set in, "In this year also Lord Cardross brought in a number of Scotch settlers destined for Port Royal, but from whom Charleston eventually gained many when the oppression of the Saint Augustine Spaniards caused the abandonment of the Scotch colony in 1688. Other Scotch colonists had settled early with Charleston as choice. In 1675 the first Quakers were brought to the Province under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the causal arrivals from Bermuda the West Indies and elsewhere had given a cosmopolitan cast to leading elements to include English Churchmen, Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, German and Dutch Lutherans, French Calvinists, Catholics and Quakers.

Jewish emigrants to Charleston found it high water mark between 1740 and 1750 and in the year 1755, Arcadian Neutrals from Nova Scotia were arbitrarily settled here to the number of 1200 and by the Royal edict, a state of exile brought about by their refusal to take the oath of allegiance to England under the Peace of Utrecht. In 1764 we see the coming of a great number of Palatines and French Protestants and between 1784 and 1809 the Irish came in such numbers as to draw from Dr. Ramsey the historian the statement that of all other countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland.

Thus we find that some of the most historic churches in the United States are to be seen in South Carolina. They stand as mute expressions of the culture and Godliness and religious zeal of our Colonial fathers who "built them well."

St. Phillips Church was the first establishment of the Church of England in the Province of Carolina. It seems extraordinary that the colony should have been founded for more than fourteen years before any attempt was made to erect a church. The uncertainty of occupation of Albemarle Point was probably the cause of the delay, or perhaps the small number of churchmen among the original settlers. Governor Sayle had indeed selected and laid out a graveyard of eighty acres, adjoining the town, in which we may presume that he was buried but not until 1682 was St. Phillip's church begun.

The lot set apart for a church was at the southeast corner of Broad and Meeting Streets where Saint Michael's now stands. The first church was built of black cypress on a brick foundation. For the lime they burnt the old Indian heaps of oyster shells which were found piled thick along the river banks near the coast. This lime, called tappe, made the strongest possible mortar. The church was said to be large and stately and to have a neat palisade around it. Showing the good feeling between the sects, Mrs. Blake the wife of the Landgrave and the daughter of Landgrave Axtell contributed largely to the adornment and completion of St. Phillips although herself a Baptist. It was endowed by Mrs. Afra Coming who in 1699, "for the love and duty" bestowed upon it seventeen acres of land just outside the city walls. This land known as Glebe land has been of great value. Glebe Street and Coming Street keep the memory of the donor and the gift. A large old fashioned brick house on the east side of Glebe Street was until a comparatively recent period the rectory of St. Phillips Church. When this wooden building became decayed and thought unfit for use the Assembly passed an Act in March 1710-11 for the building of a new church of brick. This second church was built on the present site on the east side of Church Street just above Queen. The proprities had given liberally five hundred pounds towards the erection of this church but now in the spirit of ardent loyalty which possessed the people they instructed their agents in London "To pray His Majesty to send his picture and arms for a public building in Charleston and also a set of church plate for the church here, which they are to pray may be called St. George's Church." Only part of the loyal wish was gratified; the plate engraved with the Royal arms was sent but the name St. Phillip's was transferred with the Congregation to the new edifice. The silver communion service, chalice, paten, and alms-basin from which the congregation still receives the

sacrament was the gift of Colonel William Rhett. It is ingraved with the inscription, "The gift of Colonel William Rhett to the Church of St. Phillip's, Charleston, South Carolina."

The congregation first worshiped in the new brick church on Easter Sunday 1723 taking their own chairs with them, there being no seats. In the latter years the pews were installed and were granted to those who gave a benevolence varying from sixty to one hundred pounds apiece. The interior of the new church which remained the pride and admiration of the city for upwards of one hundred years, is admirably described in Mill's Statistics of South Carolina as follows:

"The interior of this church in its whole length presents an elevation of a lofty double arcade, supporting upon an entablature a vaulted ceiling in the middle. The piers are ornamented with fluted Corinthian pilasters rising to the arches. The keystone of these arches are sculptured with a churubim in relief; over the center arch on the south side are some figures in heraldic form, representing the infant colony imploring the protection of the King. Beneath the figure is this inscription: "*Propius res aspice nostras*" which has been adopted as the seal of the church. Over the middle arch on the north side is this inscription: "*Deus Mihi Sol*" with armorial bearings. The pillars are now ornamented on their face with beautiful pieces of monumental sculpture, some of the figures executed by the first artists in England and this country. At the end of the nave is the chancel and at the west end is the organ, which is an ancient piece of furniture imported from England and which was used at the coronation of George the Second. The galleries were added sometime subsequent to the building of the church. When you enter under its roof, the lofty arches, porticoes, arcades and pillars which support it cast a sombre shade over the whole interior and induce the mind to serious contemplation and religious reverence. In every direction the monuments of worth and excellence to the departed gleam upon the sight."

This second St. Phillips was considered the handsomest church in America. It was totally destroyed by fire in February, 1835; only one of the monuments was saved, a statue of Grief. A mural tablet to Colonel Daniel, of the first attack on St. Augustine, after being lost for sixty years, has lately been discovered used as a well curb, and has been placed on the walls of the present church.

The corner stone of the present St. Phillips was laid on the same site of the second building in November, 1835. It was consecrated by Bishop Brown. The church was furnished with an excellent set of chimes, but these were broken up and cast into cannon during the War Between the States and have never been replaced. Ten shells passed through St. Phillips church during this war, its chancel was wrecked and the organ destroyed. The two grave yards of St. Phillips, one surrounding the church, and the other on the western side of the street contain the graves of many distinguished men of Carolina. In the center of the western cemetery is the sarcophagus of John C. Calhoun. The stone marking the last resting place of Edward Ruthledge is opposite the south door; in a very full inscription nowhere does it mention that we was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

General Christopher Gadsden also lies buried in this cemetery but the exact location of his grave is not known. "Disliking ostentation of any kind," he ordered that it should be leveled and left unmarked. Mr. Smith, the first Bishop of Carolina, rests near the chancel within the church of which he had been rector forty-two years.

Saint Michael's Church

In the year 1752 Governor Glenn laid the cornerstone of the present St. Michael's church which stands on the southeast corner of Meeting and Broad Streets on the site occupied by the first St. Phillips. It was decided that more accomodation was needed and that a new edifice should be erected. It is hardly necessary to describe this well known church, said much to resemble some of those built by Sir Christopher Wren, especially that of St. Martin's in the Fields. Sir Christopher was certainly not the architect for he died thirty years before it was begun and the name of the builder remains uncertain. It was handsomely furnished. His Excellency Governor Boone gave the altar plate which was added to by many citizens. Mr. Fenwicke gave the cancel furnishings of crimson velvet with gold fringe and lace and Jacob Motte treasurer of the Province, "Fine damask clothes and napkins," and the church books The town was now divided into two parishes, St. Michaels and St. Phillips, divided by Board St., the representation, church property and dues being also divided between them; and in order to oblige people to worship in their own parish no one was allowed to own a pew in both churches unless he also owned a house in both parishes. An odd piece of paternalism.

St. Michael's steeple rearing its towering height 190 feet is architecturally unsurpassed by any in the country. During the seige of Charleston, 1780, a shot from a British battery on Stile's place on James Island struck the steeple and glancing carried off the arm of the statue of William Pitt which then stood near the church. This steeple

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Condensed History of Upper South Carolina

DR. E. C. McCANTS

ALL OF Upper South Carolina, west of Broad river and north of the line of sandhills that runs from Columbia, S. C., to the banks of the Savannah opposite Augusta, Ga., was claimed by the Cherokee Indians although the actual settlements of this tribe were in the Blue Ridge mountains and the nearer foothills of this chain. The Saluda Indians, from whom the Saluda river drew its name, were a small wandering tribe of unknown stock (probably Shawnee) who intruded into the Cherokee territory and settled on this river at a point on the C. and G. R. R., long known as Saluda Old Town, but since the founding of the town of Saluda C. H. called simply Old Town—a flag station on the railroad. The Saludas finally abandoned this village (probably on account of the hostility of the far more powerful Cherokees) and are last heard from in Western Pennsylvania.

The first European penetration into the Carolina Piedmont was undoubtedly made by De Sota, the Spaniard. The extent of this penetration is disputed. But De Soto's scouts certainly went as far as the mountains for their reports as to the difficulty of penetrating the Blue Ridge was one of the causes which deflected his course to the westward. Previous to DeSoto's visit another Spaniard (D'Ayllon) had attempted to settle on the Carolina coast but after three years had died and the settlement of San Miguel had been abandoned. We have no record that D'Ayllon's people ever went far inland.

Much later, after the Spaniards had destroyed Ribaut's fleet and Fort Carolina the Spaniards formed a considerable settlement near Port Royal and penetrated and established posts in the Upper country. Many of the relics found and attributed to De Soto's expedition really belong to this later Spanish occupation which the histories of South Carolina almost completely ignore. These Spanish settlements were completely destroyed (including that at Port Royal) by an Indian uprising. The Spaniards, however, maintained a mission station at Port Royal until after the settlement of Charleston by the English.

The first Englishman, so far as we know, to penetrate the Piedmont was Dr. Henry Woodward. Space does not admit a sketch of the numerous and interesting adventures of this young physician who, more than any other of the original settlers, contributed so materially to the developmemnt of Carolina. So far as the Piedmont is concerned, he was sent out on an exploring expedition into this territory by Sir Anthony Ashley-Cooper (Lord Shaftesbury), in a confidential report to his patron, and was warned by Shaftesbury to keep his knowledge a profound secret since Shaftesbury wished to establish an agricultural colony and did not want his settlers to go running off to search for gold. Woodward never left South Carolina and some of our most distinguished citizens have been descendants of his. One of these was Paul H. Hayne, the poet.

After the English occupation of the country, the Upper State was first penetrated by the Indian traders (that is, white men who traded with the Indians) with their pack trains. These were followed in time by the cattle men with their herds and cow pens. (Note the town of Cowpens), and later by the farmers. A very considerable portion of this section, was secured by treaty from the Cherokees by Governor Glen about the year 1753. This is practically the territory comprised in the present counties of Saluda, Edgefield, Greenwood, McCormick, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberry, Union, Spartanburg, York, Fairfield, Chester, and Richland. The territory embraced in Anderson, Pickens, Oconee, and Greenville was especially reserved by the Indians, except for provision for a fort near the Indian town of Keowee on the Keowee river later called Fort Prince George. The pres-

Confederate Monument at Columbia, South Carolina

ent line between Greenville and Spartanburg counties was approximately the line between the Province of S. C. and the Cherokees. Further down the line made several angles, crossing the Saluda and extending to the Savannah. One of the corners in this line was where the town of Due West stands, the original destignation being "DeWitt's corner." Old people of fifty years ago often termed Due West "Due West Corner."

But previous to Glen's formal treaty many settlers (Squatters) had drifted into the area mentioned. As early as 1730, Sir Alexander Cumming, a representative to the Cherokees from the King of England had made an expedition into the Cherokee country and had taken back to England with him seven of the Cherokee chieftains, who in behalf of their nation had made a solemn treaty of peace and amity. In 1746 Captain Francis had established a block house and trading post at Ninety Six at the junction of the Keowee trail to Charleston with another leading to Augusta, Ga., and the country of the Creek Indians. David Francis's sons Allen and Philip became Indian traders, Allan among the Cherokees and Philip among the Creeks. Allan married an Indian girl—a Creek who had been captured and adopted by a Cherokee warrior. This is the basis of the Cateeche legend. After Glen's treaty Ninety Six quickly became the principal and Central English settlement of Upper South Carolina.

After Glen's treaty the newly opened territory was rapidly settled largely by people from western Pennsylvania and Western Virginia. This is also true of the foothills of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina. The cause of this is found in the French and Indian war. Braddock's defeat had left the Pennsylvania and Virginia frontier exposed to the incursions of the hostile Indians of the Ohio valley but between these and the frontiers of North and South Carolina the great friendly tribe of the Cherokees stood as an impassible barrier. Their hope was futile. War soon broke out between the whites and the Cherokees, and they had to face the very dangers which they had tried to escape. In this connection we meet the first of the really great men of the Piedmont section—the Indian Attakullakulla, known among the whites as the Little Carpenter. A book might be written about this man but space forbids setting down his history here. Among the incoming settlers from the North were the parents of Andrew Jackson who settled in the Waxhaws, the forbears of Wade Hampton who located in Spartanburg, and those of John C. Calhoun who took up lands on the "Longcanes" in Abbeville county. Another who came was the Revolutionary hero Colonel James Williams of Laurens who was killed at King's Mountain. Another of these was General Pickens who originally settled in Abbeville County.

Not all of the settlers, however, were of this character. In the Ninety Six region much land was taken up by adventurers from Charleston. Many of these were ex-soldiers from Europe thrown out of employment by a recent peace. They were unruly and turbulent, were responsible for the Regulator troubles, and during the Revolution took the side of the King and became Tories. An interesting sidelight is that after the Revolution numbers of these fled to Florida and their lands were taken up by a new influx into this territory of settlers from Virginia. Many of the leading people of the Ninety Six and Greenwood neighborhoods are descended from these later Virginia immigrants.

As a result of the treaty which the Cherokees had made directly with the King of England during the time of Sir Alexander Cumming, these Indians took sides with the British during the Revolution exposing the frontier to their raids and butcheries. Both General Williamson and General Pickens defeated them so severely that the Cherokees as a price of peace were forced to cede to South Carolina the remainder of their lands within the borders of this state thus adding the counties of Greenville, Pickens, Oconee, and Anderson, to the territory of the state. After the Revolution, having little money but plenty of this unsettled land, the state paid off many of the Revolutionary soldiers with land grants which these men occupied so that this territory while not a part of the state during the Revolution contains a very large number of the descendants of Revolutionary soldiers. Saying that this territory was not a part of the state before the Revolution does not mean that no white people were in it before this time. As a mater of fact there were a good many. But they were there on the sufferance of the Indians and held no titles from the state to the lands that they occupied.

At the beginning of the Revolution, although the first blood of that conflict shed in South Carolina was at Savage's plantation just outside the village of Ninety Six, the upper country was decidedly lukewarm in its opposition to the British king. These men simply wished to be let alone, also many of the more influential citizens of the section were warm supporters of the royal government. Among those were Robert and Patrick Cuningham who were very popular and who influenced many of their neighbors to support the British cause. The famous "Bloody Bill" Cuningham was a nephew of Patrick and Robert. Ann Pamela Cuningham, the savior of Mt. Vernon, was a grand-daughter of Patrick Cuningham. Odd

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The Story of My Boyhood Days in South Carolina

GENERAL C. A. DeSAUSSURE

(Printed by Permission of the Publishers, Memphis Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tennessee)

FORWARD—More than forty years ago, when in that hallowed hour between the end of a happy dinner hour and when the sand-man makes his appearance the children gathered 'round and said, "Father, tell us about You when you were a boy," I would try to keep alive the fast fading picture of the olden days and would give them short sketches of my early experiences of life, back in South Carolina. After they had married and had children of their own, they persuaded me to put these facts together in a continued story, and so I have put it down on paper before "I die, and be no more seen."

Upon request of the Editor of The Southern Magazine, for the "Story of My Boyhood Days," I am sending the Manuscript, with the hope that the story will implant in the minds of a younger generation the civilization and ideals of the Old South.

PART I

I BEGIN, by saying that my father Dr. Louis McPherson DeSaussure, son of Chancellor Henry William DeSaussure, of Columbia, S. C., as a young man, just graduated from the American College of Medicine at Philadelphia, went on horseback, in 1826 from Columbia to Beaufort District —there were no counties in South Carolina until after the War Between the States—and "set up his shingle." He gradually made progress in his profession, and married, first Isabel Means, of a large and influencial family in that section. Five years after her death, he married the second time, in 1845 Jane Hay Hutson, of an equally large and prominent family. I was the eldest child of that union—born in 1846.

My father had bought from Mr. Middleton Stuart, a fine plantation of 780 acres, known for generations as "Woodstock," It was situated on the public road runnning between Port Royal Ferry over Beaufort River, and Combahee Ferry, over the river of the same name.

This was a fine location and an excellent piece of ground, good land, well wooded, and watered. It was part corn, cotton, and rice plantation. Overflow for the rice was furnished by a large "backwater,." This was a large area of low land —the natural outlet of which was dammed and fitted with flood gates, thus forming a lake or pond, the water from which could be drawn off at will to irrigate the rice. This was in lieu of the river rice plantations, where inflow of water was obtained by the backing up of the fresh water in the rivers by rising tides at the mouth. Malaria from these rice fields was of a deadly nature. No one but the negroes and overseers (whose long residence made them immune) could remain there during the hot weather. For one not so accustomed, to remain over night, resulted in an attack of "country fever" as it was called, which in most cases proved fatal. It was so ordained that there was distant some eight or ten miles inland from every plantation, a higher plateau, sandy, covered with scrub oak, and tall long leaf yellow pine, entirely free from mosquitoes and malaria. The healthfulness of these "pinelands" was invariably perfect, the air sweet and cool. The planters congregated in these settlements, building summer homes, low, broad, wide houses with large rooms and very broad piazzas, running almost entirely around the house, the eaves extending about five feet beyond the edge of the piazza, forming what was called a "sunshed." These houses were neither lathed or plastered nor finished inside with ceiling, but were whitewashed inside and out every spring. These spacious houses had ordinary pine floors which were covered with fine matting in white and red squares, checkerboard fashion.

They had great wide doors and windows which as I recollect were never closed except to bedrooms, day or night. The houses were built three to five feet off the ground, resting on "fat lightwood" pillars. The yards were from five to six acres, with the stables at the furthermost end of the lot, and the servants quarters also far away from the house. The arrangement was ideal for comfort in the warm climate.

Each family lived in "the big house" on the plantation in the winter, and on the approach of warm weather, moved up to these pineland neighborhoods where they remained until after the first or second "killing frost" when they returned to the plantation.

It so happened, that I was born in September, at McPhersonville, the 21st, 1846—and there as a summer residence I was brought up, until 1857, when in order to obtain better school facilities for my brother Tom and myself, my father sold this house and bought a residence in the town of Beau-

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Women Writers Of "Lang Syne" Plantation

MARION SALLEY

IN UPPER Calhoun County, thirty miles from Columbia, South Carolina, is "Lang Syne" plantation, on the Congaree river. In the same section stood "Belleville" the home of Col. William Thomson, an ardent patriot in Revolutionary days, and the mansion house of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, who willingly saw it fired, in order to effect the conquest of the British, garrisoned therein. Another staunch supporter of the American cause, was Col. William Heatly, and it was his daughter, Mrs. Lovell, who became the owner of Lang Syne.

From Mrs. Lovell, the plantation was inherited by a great niece, Louisa Cheves McCord, said by Professor Trent to have been the foremost woman writer of the South in pre war days. After the marriage of Louisa Cheves to Col. David McCord, himself a writer, as well as a distinguished lawyer, Lang Syne became their winter home, while their summers were spent in Columbia. Said their daughter, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, of the old place, "Lang Syne, like most plantation homes, was the scene of much quiet, unpretentious hospitality. Many great men of different sections of the country were charmingly entertained here, and with that deepest of all courtesies, the freedom of making one's self at home in a Southern household."

It was in the days when Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot were writing novels in England, Harriet Beecher Stowe was over-working her imigination in the North, and Augusta Evans Wilson was charming the Southern girls with "St. Elmo" that Mrs. McCord, at Lang Syne, was producing translations, reviews, essays and poetry, while her husband was writing "Reports in Law and Equity," and "Statutes at Large of South Carolina." It is said that they would write and review together, often preparing articles which appeared in the Southern Quarterly Review when William Gilmore Simms was the editor.

Louisa Susannah Cheves, the daughter of Langdon Cheves and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Dulles, was born in Charleston on December 3, 1810. That same year saw her father elected to Congress, and from 1814 to 1816 he was speaker of the House. When Louisa was nine years old, her father was called to Philadelphia to adjust the financial difficulties of the United States bank, and the family resided in Pennsylvania for some years. During this time the daughter received the best education that a girl of her day could get. She had attended the school of a highly educated Irishman, living in Philadelphia, she had studied French with two French refugees, she had received instruction in mathematics along with her brothers, and she had met Webster, Clay, Calhoun and other great statesmen and had learned to think deeply on political issues when she began her writing.

Her essays concerned subjects then full of keen interest to the reading public, featuring "Justice and Fraternity," "The Right to Labor," "Diversity of the Races, Its Bearing Upon Negro Slavery," and "The Negro and White Slavery, Wherein Do They Differ?" Years before women dreamed that their granddaughters would one day be casting the ballot, Mrs. McCord had published an essay on "Enfranchisement of Women." This, in 1852! and, we can imagine with what sarcasm she reviewed for the Southern magazine, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Then came a volume of poetry, "My Dreams," probably the best known being entitled, "The Voice of Years," and next, "Caius Gracchus," a tragedy in five acts.

But, it was most of all, her work during the War Between the States that makes her one of the outstanding women in the history of South Carolina. Early in 1861, she organized the Soldiers' Relief Association in Columbia, then the Ladies Clothing Association. The first named organization made the uniforms for the company of her son, Captain Langdon Cheves McCord, his mother furnishing the material and also arming and equipping his company at her own expense. In 1862, she devoted her efforts to the military hospital established at the old South Carolina college. In her home across the street, supplies for the hospital were received and meals for the sick were prepared. Down on the plantation, work shops were established, looms set up, cloth woven and even shoes made. The lead pipes from the waterworks system were taken up and made into bullets, all the horses sent to the army, and her negroes were at the service of the Confederate government when needed. And while giving of her means, and supervising the hospital, she found time to knit three socks every day.

Mrs. McCord lost her only son at the Second Battle of Manassas. She witnessed the burning of Columbia, and she saw all of the cotton which had been made on her plantation during the war period, confiscated by the United States government. After the war, she organized the Columbia women into a Confederate Memorial Association, and until her death, in 1879, labored to perpetuate

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Pen Sketch of Wade Hampton III

MARGARET B. ROUQUIE

THREE great Carolinians have borne the name of Wade Hampton, and each one of them was born a soldier and statesman. The first Hampton distinguished himself in the War of the American Revolution, afterwards representing his state in Congress. When the second war with England began in 1812, he was made Major General, and fought against the British in Canada. After the struggle was over he devoted his energies to the cultivation of "King Cotton," with such success that he became the wealthiest planter in the United States, and was reputed to own 3,000 slaves. He left valuable estates in Louisiana Mississippi and South Carolina.

His son, Wade Hampton, II, was an aide on General Andrew Jackson's staff. When the battle of New Orleans was won "Old Hickory" sent Colonel Hampton to deliver the "Message to Garcia." He rode one horse all the way from the Mississippi valley to Columbia, S. C., a distance of 750 miles in 10 days. From Columbia to Washington, he speeded "in a public conveyance" arriving in due season to break the glorious news to President Madison.

It was indeed a lucky day for South Carolina when Wade Hampton, III, was born on March 28, 1818. His early years were spent at his father's country home Millwood, near Columbia. He was graduated from the South Carolina College and studied law for a time. After his father's death, he settled down to the management of the large estates inherited from the first Wade Hampton. "He entered the State Senate without political ambition, and merely in response to tradition. There his speech against the reimportation of slaves has been described by Horace Greeley as 'a masterpiece of logic, directed by the noblest sentiments of the Christian and Patriot.' An ardent lover of outdoor life, he became a wonderful rider and huntsman. He was especially keen on bear-hunting in the swamps on his plantation in Mississippi." When the War Between the States was precipitated in 1861, loyal to his own people, he raised a body of infantry and cavalry called "The Hampton Legion," and moving rapidly arrived in Virginia, in time for the first battle of Manassas, where he displayed marvelous skill and gallantry in action. During the severe fighting in defence of Richmond, called "The Seven Days' Battle" he led one of Stonewall Jackson's brigades of infantry. In July 1862, Colonel Wade Hampton was promoted to Brigadier-General, and placed in command of one of the two brigades of cavalry, led by General J. E. B. Stuart, which was a part of Lee's army.

On May 11, 1864, General J. E. B. Stuart was killed in battle near Richmond. The next day, General Hampton was appointed Commander of Cavalry in Lee's army. October 27, 1864 at Burgess' Mill, Preston Hampton, his son, was mortally wounded. His grief-stricken father, leaped from his horse, kissed the dying boy and then pressed forward to join his men in their final battle.

Claude G. Bowers in "The Tragic Era," pays the following immortal tribute to one who is our very own, Wade Hampton, III, the great American, "The Defender of South Carolina in 1876."

"Wade Hampton was symbolic of the finest flowering of pre war Southern chivalry and aristocracy. Patrician by birth, instinct, and training, his manner was democratic. Wealthy cultured, physically powerful, successful in the cultivation of his acres, beloved by his slaves, untorn by ambition, idolized by friends, finding pleasure alike with rod, gun, horse or book before a roaring fire, his was a happy life before the war. When war came, he went with his own people. Nature had moulded him for leadership. Six feet in height with deep chest, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and powerful legs, his was a superb presence, and in the saddle he and his horse seemed one. His complexion, hair and large bluish-gray eyes gave him the appearance of an old Saxon king. The call to arms naturally found him in the saddle at the head of the cavalry, where his genius for command, his quiet poise, dash and daring endeared him to Lee, and to his men and to all his people. He had suffered uncomplainingly, a perfect Spartan. In one engagement he had seen one son fall, and sending another son to his succor, had seen him fall too, and had ridden back to kiss the dying youth, and whisper in his ear, then back to the fight and to sleep on the ground that night in the rain, not knowing the fate of his children.

The close of the war found his fortune gone, only the pillars of his home near Columbia standing, but no word of bitterness escaped him. Urging conciliation and peace, abstaining from politics, he faced hard times with courage, and with his former slaves who clung to him, turned again to the cultivation of his acres.

Thus his people found him in their need, and he was summoned to lead a revolution. There was

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The Inside Story of the Jefferson Davis Highway

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Chairman

GREAT works come from small beginnings, and because they are small are lost to memory and history. The Jefferson Davis Highway, one of the very greatest works ever attempted by a woman's organization, is more fortunate in that it has the story of the beginning from the pen of Mrs. Alexander B. White who first proposed it to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. White writes—"During the Chattanooga Confederate Reunion, May, 1913, while talking to my cousin, T. W. Smith, a Confederate Veteran of Mississippi, highways were mentioned, and I said 'I wish we could have a big, fine highway going all through the South.' "

He said, "You can, get the 'Daughters' to start one. The Lincoln Highway is ocean to ocean, you can match that with—" and I exclaimed "Jefferson Davis Highway, ocean to ocean." All during that summer I considered the feasibility and wisdom of so great an undertaking for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the probability of my being called on to put my project through. Later, while I was preparing my report as President General to the New Orleans convention, U. D. C., in November, 1913, Mrs. Robert Houston, Mississippi, made this same suggestion to me. This increased my courage and ended my indecision, so into my report went this recommendation: "That the United Daughters of the Confederacy secure for an ocean to ocean highway from Washington to San Diego, through the southern states, the name of Jefferson Davis National Highway; the same to be beautified and historic places on it suitably and permanently marked. This recommendation was adopted and the highway project endorsed as a paramount work.

The women who have served as chairmen of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee are—Mrs. W. D. Lamar, 1913-15; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, 1916; Mrs. Agnes Walker Haliburton, 1917; Miss Decca Lamar West, 1918-23; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 1924-34.

Two other projects have been incorporated into the first plan. In Georgia the historic route taken by Mr. Davis and his party after the fall of Richmond ending in his capture at Irwinville is one. The other the route from the birthplace of President Davis in Fairview, Ky., to Biloxi, Miss. Both of these routes were secured by organizations of men, and the help of the United Daughters of the Confederacy requested in the beautifying of historic spots. Mrs. Lamar had a memorial prepared to be presented to the Congress of the United States, and although it was not acted upon, it outlines the arguments for federal aid, very much as they are in operation today. It also emphasizes the historical value of Memorial highways, and the promotion of mutual understanding of different sections of the country when travel is general in all directions.

Under Miss West a competent catographer was engaged and a map made of the desired highway, linking together as far as possible those cities which were capitals of Confederate States. A director in each state then endeavored to get the state legislature or state highway commission to name the part within the borders of the state the Jefferson Davis Highway in such state. A temporary marker to be painted on poles, trees, etc., was selected, being three bands six inches wide (red, white and red) with the letters J. D. H. four inches high, placed one below the other in the center of the stripes.

By 1923 the official name had been secured by Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Under Mrs. Woodbury, a second map was made, as many changes had been made by state highway engineers, and other changes have been adopted since then. North Carolina was the first state to erect permanent markers all along the route and the style selected by them pleased the whole committee and was made the official style. The dimensions for those along the road are three feet high, one foot eight inches front, one foot thick. A sloping top carries a bronze plate with the name of the highway, the initials U. D. C. and the year

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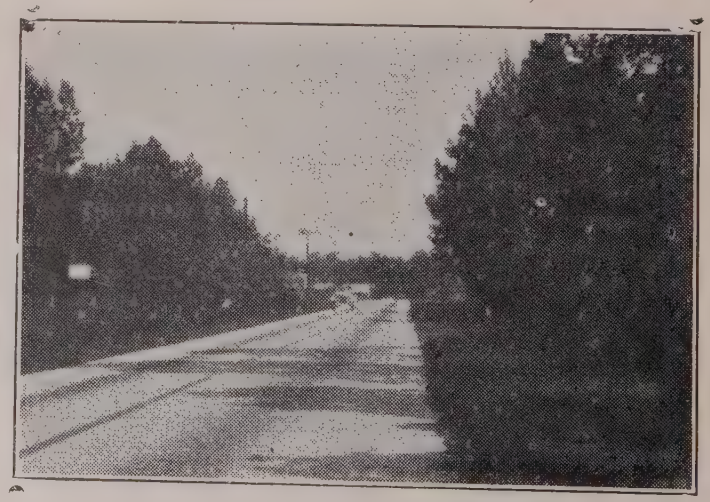

Scene on Jefferson Davis Highway near Aiken

Glimpses of Famous Folks

Gen. Homer D. Atkinson, Commander-in-Chief, United Confederate Veterans

ANNE V. MANN

General Homer Atkinson, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has expressed great interest in *The Southern Magazine,* stating that he is looking forward eagerly to its first issue. "It is so much needed," General Atkinson says, "and I feel assured it will be a success, for whatever the Daughters undertake to do, is carried out to a finish. They do things."

General Atkinson has announced that the Confederate Reunion will be held in Chattanooga June 6-8, with headquarters at Hotel Patton. Plans for the reunion are going forward, and it is expected to be a gala event, as nothing is being left undone by those who have charge of the preparations to make it an outstanding reunion. About two thousand veterans are expected to be present.

The Sons of Veterans will also hold its meeting in Chattanooga at the same time, as will the Confederated Memorial Association, and with the official ladies and visitors the crowd, it is estimated, will reach 20,000. General Atkinson was elected commander-in-chief at the Reunion held in Richmond in 1932. Last year no reunion was held, due to the stringency of the times, but a business meeting was held in Atlanta, where General Atkinson was elected for another term. His two years of service have been marked by complete harmony and by the splendid co-operation of members of his staff.

General Atkinson was born in Petersburg, and though he was 85 years old last May, he is still active for one of his years. He is the last survivor of the gallant band of youths and old men who, when the city was threatened by General Kautz on June 9, 1864, went forth to join General Archer and held the enemy at bay until re-enforcements arrived. Young Atkinson, who at that time was but fifteen years of age, was captured that day near Rives Farm, and as a prisoner of war, was to have been taken to City Point, but enroute, in some mysterious way, he broke away from the guard and hid in a clump of pines until dark, when he returned to his home in Petersburg.

GENERAL HOMER ATKINSON

Time and time again he tried to volunteer, but each time his wish was denied on account of his age. Notwithstanding this, often he would slip away into the ranks only to be sent home as being too young. But he could not be deterred, so unable to get in the service any other way, he set up his age, and enlisted in Harris' Mississippi Brigade. Here he rose from the youngest in the ranks to lieutenant and as a commissioned officer engaged in the Battle of Fort Gregg. This post was held until all except twenty six had been captured or killed. Lieutenant Atkinson with others was taken to prison and remained there until the middle of the following summer. Gen. Atkinson comes of a line of distinguished ancestry. His father was John Henry Atkinson of New Kent. His paternal grandfather

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THE CONQUERED BANNER

Dr. Henry McIlwaine

At the Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (the 40th) held in the Lord Baltimore Hotel, in Baltimore, Maryland, November 14-18, 1933, the Raines Banner, given for the best State report presented, was awarded Mrs. F. L. Palmer, Historian of the Virginia Division. Contributing very largely to this success was the motion picture, "The Conquered Banner" which was directed and whose titles were written by Mrs. Charles William Schaadt, of Richmond, Virginia. There was one showing of this picture in the parlor of the Lord Baltimore Hotel during the Convention to an enthusiastic audience.

In the message of the Historian General U. D. C. appearing in the Year Book of the organization for 1934 are the following sentences: "I am stressing plays and pageants for programs. Note prizes on these. The motion picture 'The Conquered Banner' may be ordered from Mrs. Charles Schaadt, 1210 Porter Street, South Richmond, Virginia. It is fine for schools and as an entertainment for chapters. I commend it to you as very worth while." The object of the present article is to give to the readers of The Southern Magazine some description of this picture which has been so highly praised.

The picture, which is really a series of thirty-three pictures, each of which has an appropriate title (sometimes with additional information matter), shows selected scenes of the War Between the States—rather those, however, of the council chamber and other scenes not portraying actual physical combat and bloodshed. Not only must the spirit of the author and director have been averse to such scenes, but the number of the male actors was not great enough and in age the majority were not sufficiently youthful to make such scenes realistic.

The cast of characters, however, includes nearly half a hundred, an ample number, when properly distributed, properly costumed, and placed in appropriate surroundings, to produce the effects intended.

Many of the scenes have to do with the Confederate flag, as is most appropriate in a series of pictures having the title "The Conquered Banner," and in the titles the author has managed to give no little essential historical information. A person who sees the picture learns that the first Confederate flag, adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 4, 1861, was designed by a North Carolinian, Orren Randolph Smith, who had served in the United States Army, and who kept the colors of the U. S. flag and even its main features in this new design, the "Stars and Bars" resulting in place of the "Stars and Stripes."

This flag, however, was not sufficiently unlike the U. S. flag to prevent their being mistaken for each other, with several fatal consequences at the Battle of Manassas, so that a new flag had to be devised. Nor was this second flag, adopted May 1 1863, satisfactory, because, having a white bar on the side away from the flag staff, it could, when there was no wind and the flag was limp, be mistaken for a flag of truce. Hence a third flag had to be adopted. This adoption took place late in the war, in fact on the 4th of March, 1864. The author appropriately says of this flag (title 19): "Legally the only flag of the Confederate States of America, but adopted only one month before the fall of Richmond, it expressed the hopeless hope of a tottering but still functioning government."

The next scene is that of President Davis entering St. Paul's Church, Sunday, April 2, 1865; the next, that of the messenger delivering to President Davis the message from General Lee that Richmond must be evacuated; the next, that of President Davis leaving the church. Then come crowding a meeting of the city council to arrange for the surrender of Richmond; the actual surrender of the city by the Mayor and several other prominent citizens; and the march of the Federal troops into Richmond headed by the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, which had been ordered by General Weitzel to take the place of a negro brigade, the nearest troops of his division to Richmond when the surrender occured. For thus saving the feelings of a people in adversity the Federal general is highly commended in title 27.

Then, last scene of all, that is, last military scene, is General Lee at the McLean House at Appomattox negotiating with General Grant terms of surrender of his army.

In the last two scenes (32 and 33) is resumed a romance referred to in title 6 (telling of the making of the first Confederate flag) which is: "Miss Miller gets assistance from neighbors, after being refused help by her sister, who is engaged to a Union officer." This romance, hindered but not killed by the fiery events of war, has its inevitable ending when the war is over.

The very last title is "A re-union of the Blue and Gray." Thus the series ends on a pleasingly hopeful note.

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Message of the President-General

March 1, 1934

My dear daughters:

This message will greet you with the first issue of The Southern Magazine. It comes with the sincere hope that this periodical will be the medium for the news and inspiration that we need for the work we are trying to do together.

I, personally, express my sincere appreciation to the publishers of this magazine for the great opportunity they give us to speak to each other once each month, for placing in our hands the biggest opportunity we ever had to sell our program to each other and the world.

I take this opportunity also to extend greetings to the Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, Gen. Homer Atkinson, Petersburg, Va., and congratulate him on his splendid arrangements for the next Confederate Re-union at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 6 th to 8th. Active and alert, this great man is leading the host in gray and it is my pleasure as President General to stand by for any service the United Daughters of the Confederacy may be called upon to render. To other associated organizations, the Sons Confederate Veterans, and the Confederate Memorial Southern Association, I extend greetings and good wishes.

The last three months have been busy ones for me, but every committee has now been filled and all members notified of appointment, acceptances and hearty pledges of support have been received from all quarters, and I realize that there is a spirit of renewed interest in old plans, and eagerness to form and fulfill new ones. Such is the outlook for the coming year and I take this means of thanking every one, who has warmed my heart with messages of confidence and support.

Two Valentines— I am in receipt of two much appreciated valentines. The first is a copy of "The life and letters of Dolly Madison," by Allen Clark, (1914) now out of print and therefore very rare.

This was presented to me by my dear friend and hostess, at the Baltimore convention, Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, who has inscribed the title page with an affectionate greeting and underlined some of the most interesting passages.

Much of my leisure time has been spent in old book stalls and my library contains many volumes thus collected, but none is more appreciated than this life of one of the most loved mistresses of the White House, whose bridesmaid, confidant and intimate friend was Mrs. R. D. Lee the great grandmother of my friend Mrs. Holmes.

The other is a copy of a song composed by General W. A. Smith of North Carolina who learned the melody from the lips of the composer in 1861 and which was arranged for him by Marjorie Mauney, also of North Carolina. This song "The Prisoner's Dream"' which should have a place in every collection of War Songs of the 60's, was autographed by the author and presented to me

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MRS. WILLIAM E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Arkansas
President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Massey was elected President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the General Convention held in Baltimore, November 15-19, 1933.

Mrs. Massey has served the General Organization as the third Vice President General, 1922-23, in charge of the Children of the Confederacy, and as the Recording Secretary General, 1930-32, and many important Committee Chairmanships.

Not only in the General Organization, but in her State she has served in almost every capacity, being President of the Division for two years.

Other honors have come to her outside of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, among them the Presidency of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, when she served in 1924-26. She was the first woman honored with membership on the Board of Trustees of the Ouchita Baptist College.

She is a writer of ability, being the author of a book written for the Woman's Missionary Union of Arkansas, entitled "At the King's Command."

Mrs. Massey is an able executive, efficient, capable, and constructive in her policies.

A Few Minutes With the Editor

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE extends both hands to the public in cordial greeting, as we step forth with a cheery "Howdy." We make our bow modestly but with confidence. Emerging from under the cloud of a depressed condition which has submerged the entire nation we are daring to make an appearance at this time.

With a vision for the improvement and advancement for the future of a great Organization of patriotic women, Miss Claudia Hagy presented a plan to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled at Baltimore November 15-19, 1933.

The plan offered to this body a Magazine to be used by them as a medium of publicity, disseminating news and activities of the Organization without financial obligation, except a moral one which every Daughter should feel is a personal one, and in honor bound to uphold and support.

Upon action of the convention a volley of "ayes" gave consent of the General body which went on record as accepting the proposition made to them by the News Publishing Co., Wytheville, Virginia.

For many years the United Daughters of the Confederacy used a limited amount of space in that beloved Magazine, "The Confederate Veteran." We mourned the passing of so great a friend, and will ever hold it dear in our memories.

Having had access to the columns of "The Veteran" as a publicity organ, the U. D. C. has made no effort to own and publish an Official Organ, being satisfied with the service given them by the "Confederate Veteran" during the forty years of its life.

After the passing of the "Veteran" fifteen months ago, an arrangement was made with the Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga., for one page in the Magazine section, the first Sunday in each month as a means of publicity for the U. D. C. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Long, Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., whose inspiration it was to propose this plan of using the Atlanta Journal for U. D. C. publicity. We are also indebted to her assistants who have helped to make this U. D. C. Page such a success, and to the Atlanta Journal for the space given which has been used during the last twelve months, we wish to express our appreciation for this efficient service.

* * * * * * * *

According to Walter B. Pitkin's best seller, "life begins at forty." If this be true the United Daughters of the Confederacy has just begun to live. Now in the fortieth year of life, having been founded in 1894, we find ourselves ready to tell the world what we have been doing these last forty years. We are planning to make this a Jubilee Year, being too impatient to wait to round out another decade, to celebrate.

We are filled with a reasonable pride as we look backward, and review the accomplishments this great Organization has recorded to its credit. The benefits that have been dispensed to the poor and needy, and to the youth of the land through benevolence and educational endowments and loans. As time passes these facts will be given upon the pages of The Southern Magazine which will carry the news and activities of this Organization far and near, even across the waters of the Atlantic to the shores of France, to the little Chapter in Paris, the Major General de Polignac Chapter, Neuilly-Sur-Sein. From the Pacific coast on the West to the Atlantic Seaboard, from the Great Lakes to the "deep South" on the Gulf, The Southern Magazine will travel to Daughters who have, like their ancestors of old migrated to States afar, and have "covered the country like the dew," so far flung is this great Organization of ours.

* * * * * * * *

The South played the leading role in the Building of the Nation. It was such men as George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall, Andrew Jackson, and James Monroe that guided the destinies of the new Republic and whose influence is felt today. To those men of a later generation, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert E. Lee, Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, the Poets of the South, Edgar Allen Poe, Sidney Lanier, Father Ryan, James Ryder Randall, W. Gilmore Simms, Joel Chandler Harris —beloved "Uncle Remus," to all of the Southland enrolled in our book of remembrance, we dedicate The Southern Magazine to their memory.

A THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

"To correct error whenever found
Cost what it may, Not for strife,
The which, God forbid but to do
Our part in handing down to future
Generations the true History of
The War Between the States."

—Robert E. Lee.

The Confederate Scrap-Book

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

A MAJORITY of our members doubtless remember the "Scrapbook" of our beloved Miss Millie Rutherford. What a wealth of miscellaneous historical information she gave us, from time to time, and how deplorable our loss when her home was burned and many valuable books and papers perished.

It is felt that there are stories of the Confederacy and many little known facts which are well worth preserving. Unusual expressions, superstitions, and quaint local customs of the War period will be of general interest. Well chosen phrases showing tender and lofty sentiments are often buried in old letters and diaries. All these and kindred writings will find a space in our Scrap-Book.

This Department will be glad to receive contributions under the following conditions: All communications must be signed. The sender's name will be printed with item unless they prefer that it should not be. If the clippings from newspapers are sent, the name of paper and date of publication must be given. All contributions other than printed matter must be typewritten double spaced, using one side of the paper only. The material sent in will be used as soon as possible and at the discretion of the Editor.

Send to—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 85-A Weissinger Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beauvoir, Mississippi,
17th of March, 1887

E. Polk Johnson, Esq.,
Courier Journal,
Louisville. Ky.

My Dear Sir:

Please accept my thanks for your kind consideration in sending me a copy of the Courier Journal of Sunday 27th. I sent it to my daughter in Colorado and would feel very thankful if you would send me a duplicate. It was very gratifying to me to see justice done to my dear friend Ex-President Pierce.

A friend told me that in a recent number of the Courier Journal there was an article fully setting forth a recent publication by Gen'l. Wolleslv that contained matter I ought to notice. Would you oblige me by sending a copy of that paper also.

If he has misrepresented me, or done injustice to the Confederacy his position is sufficiently high to justify a reply.

It has been my practice and wish to avoid controversy, but I think that if the Psalmist David were now living, he would not have occasion to say "that it was in his wrath he denounced the multitude of liars."

It would be quite natural if you were to ask me why, putting so much value upon the Courier Journal, I do not subscribe for it. So I will anticipate your question. Very many papers are sent to me complimentarily and to subscribe for one without including those also would hardly be just, certainly not courteous.

Respectfully and truly,

Jefferson Davis.

E. Polk Johnson, to whom this letter was written served during the War Between the States as a member of Company B, of the First Kentucky Cavalry. After the War he practiced law for a time in Lousiville, Ky. He then took up newspaper work having attracted the attention of Henry Watterson by some of his contributed articles. He became the city editor of the Courier Journal, resigning to become public printer for the State of Kentucky by appointment of Gen'l. Simon Boliver Buckner, then Governor.

He returned to the newspaper after five years and again resigned to become special Treasury Agent and was assigned at different times to St. Louis and New Orleans. He was the author of several histories.

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AN HISTORIC ROMANCE

One of the most beautiful and colorful romances in Kentucky history is touched upon, when officers of the Filson Club in going over old records of Jefferson County announce that the marriage of Jefferson Davis and Sarah Knox Taylor in 1835 was not an elopement as history had made it appear. The bond signed by Hancock Taylor, uncle of the bride, is the basis for the opinion. A new fact is thus added to a story in which a President of the United States and the President of the Confederacy participated, in which the background is pioneer Indian fighting and about which hangs the smoke of two great wars.

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The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

SOUTH LEADING NATION'S DRIVE TOWARD RECOVERY

If like the celebrated Will Rogers all one knows is "what is read in the papers," then the South is leading the Nation's drive toward recovery, for almost every newspaper carries the tidings that there is a much happier feeling in the Southern states and a brighter outlook for the immediate future. General conditions seem to be better throughout the entire South, especially in the region known as "the cotton belt."

This feeling too is based upon figures contained in the report of the United States Department of Agriculture recently issued, which states that the 1933 cotton crop was nearly $620,000,000 compared with less than $375,000,000 in 1932. Then, too, another encouraging note is the widespread trend to normal buying especially among the farmers. In recent years, so it is said, due to the adverse conditions, farmers have been buying sparingly at the cheapest price without any regard to quality, but now there seems to be a decided change in the methods of buying as merchandise is being offered at a higher figure and farmers have the ability to pay.

Conditions as they were, and as they are now in our agricultural sections can only be recognized by those who know how completely the mind of the farmer has changed during the past few years. He is beginning to think again in terms of the future and a future that holds for him a promise of rich reward.

APPOMATTOX MONUMENT ABANDONED FOR PARK

Every Confederate organization will rejoice that the previously proposed plan to erect a mounment at Appomattox, the site of the termination of the War Between the States, has been abandoned and instead efforts are being made toward the creation of a national park at this historic site. Plans for the park are, of course, tentative as its realization will depend on the federal appropriation, which it is hoped will be made for the purpose. The proposed plan contemplates acquisition by the United States government of five hundred to one thousand acres of land so it is said; the restoration of the McLean house in which the terms of the surrender were drawn up between General Lee and General Grant and the possible renovation of other buildings in the locality.

A monument at Appomattox not to exceed in cost more than $100,000 was authorized by Congress in 1930, and an appropriation of $2500 was provided for a design and a survey. A contest was held among architects and an award was made to a Philadelphia firm. As plans for the memorial ripened they were met with a storm of protest from Confederate organizations everywhere and from prominent citizens of the South. Resolutions of protest were passed at Richmond in 1932 by the United Confederate Veterans and other Confederate organizations. It was said that "the memorial would not only commemorate the end of constitutional government in the United States" but that such a memorial would be "an insult to General Lee and to every Southern soldier who fought and died for the Confederate cause."

However, such a thought was not in the minds of those who promoted the movement, but the idea of a monument at this historic place was launched more as a lasting memorial to Peace. After learning of the indignition with which the project was received, it was abandoned rather than offend those whose opinion they respected and whom they regarded with deep veneration. The decision to convert Appomattox into a park rather than erect a mounment there has met with general favor and brings to end a controversy which might have engendered bitter feelings.

C. OF C. CHAPTER HONORS CAPTAIN ASHE.

By way of telling of an honor conferred upon the gentleman in question, the Charlotte Observer remarks that "Capt. Samuel A' Court Ashe at the age of ninety-three, is the oldest living Confederate officer in North Carolina, but he continues to prance around Raleigh as one of its sprightliest citizens" After paying Capt. Ashe this compliment it goes on to state, that a good many honors have been conferred on Captain Ashe by the people of his native state, but the latest is the organization of the Samuel A'Court Ashe chapter Children of the Confederacy.

The organization of the chapter was made by Mrs. Eugene Little at the home of Mrs. William B. Little in Wadesboro on the birthday of General Robert E. Lee and because of the fact that Mrs. Little is the nearest of kin in that town to Captain Ashe, she was made its president. Captain Ashe was deeply moved at this evidence of

affection for him, and not only sent a message of love and appreciation, but presented his namesake with several of his historical contributions on the War Between the States.

Many guests from other towns were present at the organizing of the chapter and many relics were presented, which will be placed in Anson county Hall of History, which is maintained in the courthouse for this chapter. The organization of this chapter establishes another fine memorial to one of the finest of Confederate soldiers and a citizen which the whole state of North Carolina delights to honor.

SERVES SOUTH FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS

The *Christian Science Monitor* recently carried an interesting article entitled "Railroad's traveling Library serves in the South for thirty five years" and describes in detail the establishment of this enterprise of the Seaboard Air Line which carried cheer to remote stations on its line when autos were classed as flying machines. As its name indicates The Seaboard Air line wends its way through the States bordering the seaboard and reaches out into other nearby Southern states. In the nineties small towns and desolate flag stations lay isolated from the world. Money was far from plentiful in the South. In those days books and magazines were distinctly in the luxury class. So when the engine puffed in and sacks of new periodicals and boxes of books were left at the station is was a cause for rejoicing.

The article goes on to say that the inception of the traveling libraries of the Seaboard came from the mind of a Southern woman who lived on an ante-bellum plantation in Georgia. Mrs. Eugene B. Heard, of Rose Hill plantation, Middleton, Ga. She had lost her only son, Thomas at the age of twelve. He had received a book on each birthday and these twelve books became the nucleus of the present collection of thousands of volumes. Mrs. Heard as a memorial to her son and because of her deep interest in the welfare of the people around her loaned the books to the neighboring country children, who in turn loaned them to others. Like a snow ball rolling down a hill, it gathered not only momentum but volume.

According to the story this soon attracted the notice of Mr. E. St. John, president of the Seaboard Air Line, and becoming impressed with its possibilities he took the project under jurisdiction of the railroad and brought it to the attention of others who assisted in obtaining books and money. Andrew Carnegie sent a check for $1000 in 1899 to buy books and soon the enterprise enlisted the cooperation of others, and for thirty-five years, the Seaboard has been operating traveling libraries through the South.

Mrs. Heard was the first superintendent of the work and continued in this capacity until her death. Her daughter, Mrs. James Y. Swift is now continuing her work with the same devotion and energy and headquarters of the library is still being maintained at the old Heard home. Here the books are selected and packed for their travels under the direction of Mrs. Swift and the librarian, Miss Elisabelle Langston. There are now three permanent branches with their own headquarters at Hamlet, North Carolina; Atlanta, Ga., and Wildwood, Florida.

GENEROUS GIFT TO W. AND L. LIBRARY

Through the generosity of Effingham B. Morris, of Philadelphia, the Library of Washington and Lee University will be enabled to complete its collection of material on General Robert E. Lee. Mr. Morris recently made a gift of $1000 which will be used for the purpose of purchasing thirty books and pamphlets which are not yet listed in the library.

When these are acquired, it is believed that the Lee collection at Washington and Lee will become the fullest and most authoritative in existence.

NO TIPPING SIGNS BRING WARM APPROVAL

Perhaps no announcement has brought more approval than that tipping is on the wane and that many hotels have adopted a policy which forbids tips to any of their employees. Those who make a business of traveling from place to place have felt it a duty to pass out tips for service, rightly paid for when he purchased his ticket, bought a meal or rented a room, in order to prevent being looked down upon by the employed help. No longer will this be true for there are many hotels which have placed the ban upon tips in these latter days. The depression it is said, has had much to do with the change, but it is a change which will be heartily welcomed, it matters not how it has come.

Not only is this true in hotels but as you travel through the countryside it is quite a common thing to see signs at many of the filling stations bearing the words "Please do not tip our employees." Especially is this true in the South and this policy has caused much favorable comment.

Not so long ago a hotel in Williamsburg, Virginia inaugurated the "no tipping" policy with the statement that the management would regard all obligations discharged with the settlement of the bill. But though this hotel in Williamsburg

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Children of The Confederacy

Mrs. FRANK M. DENNIS, Eatonton, Ga.
Third Vice President General, U. D. C.

My dear Daughters:

In this, the first official message to you may I not thank you for the very high honor you have bestowed upon me. It is a great privilege to serve the General Organization in any capacity but the office of Third Vice President General carries with it not only the rendering of service today, but insures the future also.

In the past months we have heard much about the "New Deal." The phrase has become indicative of progress and well being. I am asking the Daughters in every Division to give their children a "New Deal."

The responsibility of Childrens' Chapters does not lie with the children alone, but with the Mother Chapter. Children every where are eager, cooperative, and responsive if the Daughters will provide a leader who is willing to give enough time and ability to make it a success.

Easy job? No. I have never found anything worth while that is an easy job. It takes exactly the same qualities of leadership that are necessary in any other work, plus the ability to interest children. Many C. of C. Chapters fail because the leaders become discouraged, not with the children, but with a lack of co-operation of the mothers. Mothers owe her their full co-operation in seeing that their children: Become members, attend meetings, cooperate in all activities, arrange a place of meeting in the homes, where mothers may act as hostess's or at some central place, give a place on the program of the adult Chapter at least twice each year, aid the Childrens' Chapter with funds, or provide means of making them.

In your district and State meetings give the Division Director C. of C. an important place on the program, giving recognition to Chapter Directors and use local C. of C. Chapters in songs or pageant or some way in which they really are a part of the U. D. C. work.

Every Division should plan for a Childrens' and Directors conference during the coming summer, if for only one day. This year as never before we should concentrate on essentials, that we give our childrens' work its rightful place. Put this work second only to the care of our Veterans and Women of the Sixties.

There is another great Organization which has as their motto, "The race runs forward on the feet of little children." Where and toward what goal are Southern ideals, high thinking, nobleness of character and courage are the feet of our children taking the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the history it has sought to preserve? Let us this year give our Childrens' work a "New Deal."

Cordially and faithfully yours,

Kate Jordan Dennis

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A SURVEY OF CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY CHAPTERS

One of the first things I did after becoming the Third Vice President General was to make a survey of the work of the U. D. C. and C. of C. based on the General Minutes of 1933.

A letter was sent to each Division Director of the C. of C. and a letter to the U. D. C. Presidents of Divisions where there are Directors asking their cooperation in the childrens' work. I cannot stress too often the responsibility which Division and U. D. C. Chapter Presidents have for the establishment and success of childrens' work.

Letters were written to all Division Presidents where there are no Childrens Chapters listed "not any Division Director," urging them to organize a Chapter. The response has been gratifying from nearly all Divisions. I am appreciative of their cooperation.

In making this survey I sent to each Division President and Director a letter giving the figures of U. D. C. and C. of C. Chapters. Chapters listed are chartered Chapters. No record of any other is made. The following interesting figures should make every thoughtful daughter stop and consider.

In 1922 there were 34 Divisions and Chapters where there is no Division, out of this number 18 States had Divisions of C. of C.

In 1934 there are 36 States which have Divisions and Chapters where there is no Division, out of this number 25 States are doing childrens' work. 11 States have no Childrens' Chapters.

The aims of this Department for 1934—To enlist every eligible child in a Children of the Confederacy Chapter, To provide a Director for every State, a Leader for every Chapter. Each U. D. C. Chapter to have a C. of C. chapter. To charter every C. of C. chapter. How many C. of C. chapters in your Division remain unchartered?

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Message of the Historian General

MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON, Raleigh, N. C

The Historical Department of the U. D. C. sends greetings to the readers of our new magazine. As the Editor of this phase of our work, I welcome you who are interested in setting forth the history and accomplishments of our Southland.

With our 1934 subject before us, "Forty years with the U. D. C.," I am sending a monthly "Message" and am giving through these columns an article pertaining to the next month's program, as set down in the historical Year Book. By January first, every Chapter received from her Division Historian copies of program and prize list, with questionaire for the Raines Banner and Weinmann Cup, historical trophies. Please seek information concerning prizes from Division Historians.

In the following the Resolution of the 1933 Convention, that this should be a commemorative year (the 40th of the U. D. C.), I am urging every Chapter and every Division to compile its history up to date, and send copies for our files. Honorable mention will be made of the best at the next General Convention. Remember there is a prize for the best scrap book exhibited at 1934 General Convention. Our prize list contains over thirty contests, being open (with some essays) to those outside the U. D. C.. College students are especially urged to compete. Some of our essay subjects follow the monthly programs, and every Chapter should try for prize on catechism of "40 Years with the U. D. C.," using this as a program contest, perhaps offering a prize to the members answering best. This will do more to give us a greater appreciation and knowledge of the U. D. C. and its pioneers than any thing we may do in our 1934 study.

The first gift received for the Bureau of Filing and Lending is from Mrs. James Henry Parker, president of the New York Chapter, a set of the records of the radio drama, "The Three Swords of Lee," by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews presented on January 19th from Arlington. These may be loaned at a nominal rental to Chapters, the proceeds going toward another set of these records I recommend these to you as a fine historical activity. They may still be purchased from the Historical Broadcast Company, National Press Building, Washington, D. C.

Our lending Committee is asking for any articles that may be passed around for use. Contributions will count on your historical report. As each Southern state is to be featured in the magazine, as it entered the Confederacy, it would be well if historical articles of value be sent to the editor, Mrs. A. S. Porter, Wytheville, Virginia.

Every Division should secure time on its radio stations, that the public may know more of our southern history and literature. Our department is cooperating heartily with the special Radio Committee, Miss Edith Pope, Chairman. From the Georgia Historian, Mrs. Julian Lane, has come very fine accomplishment. Through the State CWA Administrator she has succeeded in having funds appropriated to have copied Georgia's Confederate records, which are in the war department at Washington. I would advise every southern state to do this at once. When Richmond was captured the records of every Confederate State were taken and recently they have been carefully "jacketed" by the U. S. government in fire proof buildings. It would be a wonderful work to secure copies of Confederate records for each states' repositories, we must get busy at once to accomplish this. Please report to me any efforts made toward this work. May I again stress the use of pageants and plays in teaching southern history. Though only recently from the press, the little play "An Afternoon in the White House of the Confederacy" has already been presented by Chapters and is proving to be an interesting entertainment Copies may be ordered (5 cents) from my office or from Mrs. Hugh Gillespie, Raymond, Miss.

The Florida Historian, Mrs. Emily Green, Ocala has published a charming little play, "Grandmother's Album," which may be secured from her for presentation, 5 cents a copy. "Marse Robert at Appamattox," 15 cents, is another little play by Miss Katherine Peery, Culpeper, Va., especially fine for the C. of C. Chapters. The latest of these pageants received for our files is entitled "Arkansas Heroines of the 60's," by Mrs. J. F. Hilton, Pine Bluff, Ark. It is all in verse, in three parts, The call to arms, on the battle front, and Reconstruction. It makes a most attractive historical feature for chapter programs.

I urge any one having such forms of entertainment to send them for our files, that others may benefit by their presentation. We must make our programs attractive to the "Daughters" as well as to the children, so I am urging response to the

1934 contests on plays and pageants of southern history. Let this be known to little theatre groups as well as to college drama classes, that we may better teach history in this attractive way. Let's *play* our history. I hope many chapters will secure the photo play, "The Conquered Banner" form Mrs. C. W. Schaadt, 1210 South Porter St., South Richmond, Va., for it is a very fine educational movie, written and produced by a "Daughter."

That almost every publisher of American histories is sending his representative to your Historian General, attests the fact that our organization is being more and more appreciated by the public. We are kept busy reviewing text books and feel that gradually historians are giving a fairer view of the South. Education Boards are asking for opinions from the U. D. C., and we gladly accept this chance to promote unbiased text books.

It is impossible to express appreciation of the many books sent to our department, some of which we gladly endorse. In Herbert Ravenel Sass' "Look Back to Glory" we see a possible Pultizer prize winner for 1934, and rejoice that here is a novel which carries the true underlying issues of the War between the States, with enlightment to the North of the Cause of the South. Another gift Mrs. Kate Speaks Penny's (Alabama) novel, "Land Poor," well portrays life in the South today.

Trusting that we may carry out the study of "Forty years with the U. D. C.," in spirit and truth, and assuring you always of my earnest desire to assist the Daughters in every way, I am cordially yours,

Lucy London Anderson,
Historian General, U. D. C.

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Subject for 1934—Forty years with The United Daughters of the Confederacy. Organized September 10, 1894.

Aim for 1934—A better knowledge and appreciation of The United Daughters of the Confederacy, the greatest memorial to the Confederate soldier.

Dedication—In this the fortieth year of our Organization we dedicate the Historical Program for the year, to those faithful pioneers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Our future, as well as our past will ever be united with their years of faithful service.

Subject for March—Forty years in Historical Work, first object. Pioneers in the Historical Department. The South's Rightful place in History (Subject of prize essay).

Necessity of preserving Southern historical papers. (Subject of prize essay offered by the Southern Society, New York).

Efforts of the U. D. C. toward adoption of fair text books.

What has your Division accomplished in historical work?

Music: Songs of the South—"Use Echoes from Dixie," Noble and Noble, New York City.

Subject for April—Benevolent, Relief, Educational work.

What the United Daughters of the Confederacy has done for the Confederate Soldier and his dependants.

The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund—begun in 1911. Scholarships: First Educational Report, Made by Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, 1909.

Educational work in your own Division, as memorials. Play: "An afternoon in the White House of the Confederacy in Richmond." Music: "We're old time Confederates."

The Passing of Confederate Veterans

NICHOLAS MERRITT BLACK—A lifelong resident of Crozet, Va., passed away on January 27, at his home near Hillsboro, where he was born and always lived. Aged 93. He was a veteran of the War Between the States. Three sons and two daughters survive. Burial rites were held in the cemetery at the Hillsboro Church.

JAMES THOMAS BISHOP—Aged 95, a native South Carolinian, passed away at the home of his son, F. Joe Bishop in Macon, Ga. He enlisted in Charleston, S. C., in 1861, Captured at the Battle of the Wilderness and made a prisoner of war at Ft. Delaware until the close of the War Between the States. He was wounded at Gettysburg and Gaines Mill.

News has been received of the sudden passing of Dr. John Bagby, a member of the faculty of Hampden-Sidney College. He had been connected with this famous institution of learning since 1892, being the Dean of the Department of Physics since 1899. He was a brother of Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Richmond, Va. We extend to Mrs. Bolling and other members of the family our sincere sympathy.

Forty Years With The United Daughters of The Confederacy

MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON
Historian General U. D. C.

In our study of Forty years with the U. D. C. we are endeavoring to make this 40th year a commemorative one by taking every phase of our four objects—Historical, Benevolent, Educational, and Social, recalling what our accomplishments have been. We shall better know and appreciate our organization, after this study of its history, for in the words of a U. D. C. leader, "We find we are an ever steadying force of patriotic endeavor, a moulder and iniatiator of public opinion, a tremendous power for good, fostering all worthy objects with unselfish ideals—one vast army of right thinking women pledged to champion only those things which will exalt a Nation."

In our study for February we had "the Beginnings of the U. D. C.," with its Pioneers brought to mind. We found that it was organized in Nashville, Tennessee, September 10, 1894, by Mrs. Caroline Merriwether Goodlett, closely associated with her being Mrs. Lucien Hamilton Raines, Savannah, Ga, These two pioneers were elected President and First Vice President, respectively. Hanging in the Solid South Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, is a large oil painting of the Founder of the U. D. C., Mrs. Goodlett. A memorial scholarship now bears the name of Mrs. Raines, in recognition of her valuable service to our organization. It was she too, who designed the U. D. C. badge, a laurel wreath entwined around the Stars and Bars Flag. The Daughters wear this with pride. From its beginning until today the Presidents General have given fine leadership to the U. D. C., being women consecrated to their office.

As one of the most forceful of women's organizations, we feel that the U. D. C. has brought about a closer understanding between the two sections of our great Country for we are not organized to stir up any feeling of strife, but to accomplish our work in a spirit of Peace and good will. In the heart of every true Daughter of the Confederacy these words may find an echo "Here's to the Stars and Stripes that wave over a re-united country, loved by North and South alike. Here's to the Stars and Bars, so bravely defended and so honorably furled. Let us salute the one with cheers and loud hurrah! Let us greet the other with bowed heads and with veneration."

The first object laid down in the U. D. C. Constitution was Historical, so it seems fitting that in the first Convention in 1894, a fair and unbiased history of the War Between the States should be endorsed as a supplementary reader in schools. Their attention was called to the errors in text books by the action of the United Confederate Veterans who, as early as 1890, appointed Text Book Committees to see that histories unfair to any section of our country be ruled out of the schools. (This is still one of the paramount objects of our organization).

In 1897 the first Committee on History was appointed by the U. D. C., with Mrs. James Conner of Charleston, S. C., as it chairman. Its chief work seemed to be in regard to recommending school histories, and State Historians were appointed to stimulate interest in Southern History. One of their first activities was to secure reminiscenses of men and women of the sixties. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant was the third Chairman of History and did much to place this work on a sound footing.

For eleven years these History Committees did such fine work that when Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Chairman of History, reported the scope and dignity of this committee it seemed to demand an officer on the Executive Board. The office of Historian-General was created by an amendment to the Constitution.

In 1908 Mrs. Enders Robinson of Richmond, Va., was made the first Historian-General, and she planned well for this new office, giving us the motto for this Department, "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

After three years of service, she was succeeded by Miss Mildred Rutherford of Athens, Ga., who gave five wonderful years as Historial General, and her published addresses have been spread far and wide, and are still available for valuable use to the U. D. C. The Rutherford Cup for Historical writings is a U. D. C. Memorial to her. Mrs. S. E. F. Rose of Miss., also builded well for the future, as Head of the History Department, and she offered a cup for historical writings, which was continued to her memory by her son. Mrs. Grace M. Newbill of Tennessee, filled Mrs. Rose's unexpired term of office at her death. Mrs. Charles R. Hyde of Chattanooga, Tenn., then served during the World War, giving in writing Historical parallels between incidents of that War and the War between the States.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Wytheville, Va., weilded a facile pen as Historian General and has left many brilliant articles about the South.

The services of Mrs. St. John A. Lawton of Charleston, S. C., those of Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Louisville, Ky., and of Miss Marion Sally of Orangeburg, S. C., are of such recent and fine accomplishment that they need no praise here. All these splendid women have blazed the way for us who follow after them in this vital work of the U. D. C., and have truly done their part to make the Historical Department the corner stone of the organization.

History has been personified as a woman holding in her left hand a mirror in which she sees reflected things of the past. With her right hand she records those things she sees. We who love and follow history, are endeavoring to record fearlessly and accurately the deeds of our Confederate ancestors and the principles for which they fought, remembering that to collect and preserve true history is the duty of each generation. General Lee himself told us that, "Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity." The varied Historical Work of the U. D. C. is coordinated under the direction of the Historian General, and joining hands with her from Coast to Coast are the Division and Chapter Historians who are earnestly striving to uphold the motto of our Historical Department. The collecting and assembling of source material, the correction of errors and mis-statements regarding the War for Southern Independence, delving into many histories, gathering personal reminiscences of the sixties and letters yellow and dim with age, all of this goes on in every Division.

The Raines Banner and Weinmann Cup

To encourage interest in Historical Work, that devoted daughter, Mrs. L. H. Raines, in 1912 offered a Beautiful Silk Ranner, on which was our U. D. C. emblem The Cotton Boll, resting on its five pointed star, with the words—"To Live, Dare, Pray, Think, Love." This Flag of Merit was for the Division reporting the greatest amount of Historical Activities during the year, and it is still the coveted honor of every Division Historian.

The next award in interest was given by Mrs. John L. Weinmann of Arkansas, in 1924, and this cup is competed for annually by the Divisions for Best Work in School. The questionnaire for both of these prizes are sent to every Chapter Historian, and it embraces many items of Historical activi-

Each year there have been added to the array of prizes other cups and money, for essays on Southern subjects, for diaries and reminiscences, scrap books, incidents of heroism, stories, plays and pageants, besides books for libraries. The Mrs. Simon Baruch University prize of $1,000 is awarded biennially for an essay of prime merit in the field of Southern History.

The present Historian General, in the 1934 Year Book sent to every Chapter, has presented the nonthly programs, subject being, "Forty Years with the U. D. C." and in many cases the essay subjects are being followed each month. Of great value will be the contest on the Catechism, "Forty Years With The U. D. C.," and every chapter should compete for this. The Southern Society of New York, gives a prize for writing on "The Necessity of Preserving Southern Historical Material," and this should stimulate us toward placing these valuable records in safe repositories.

In the White House of the Confederacy, now the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., are preserved valuable records, and many mementoes of our Southern soldiers are in this Treasure House, in which every Southern State has a room. Let us make a more earnest effort in this fortieth year to collect every item that may be preserved for future historians. There are many old diaries that have not been given to safety shelves, copy them and enter them for the Perdue Loving Cup.

The phases of our historical work are many and varied. Associated with the History Department are special committees of the U. D. C. which the Historian General is stressing and whose objects Division Historians are actively working for. Among these are the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, one of our greatest historical accomplishments; the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation; the Committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries; the Lee-Stratford Memorial Foundation whose object is to preserve the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee; the Committee to advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame; Committees on the new Southern Magazine, Radio, Filing Bureau; Arlington Amphitheatre. The Committee for correct term of the War Between the States, appointed in 1911, was last year given over to the Historian General. The object of this is to further the use of this term instead of "Civil War," which has so often been used erroneously. "When eleven states withdrew from the United States and war was forced upon them by the other twenty two states, this was a War between the northern and southern States, the latter having seceded when states rights were violated." It is most encouraging to note that now the correct term is being used by most of the radio announcers and by the press and by prominent writers today.

Realizing that the time is at hand when the U. D. C. should make some concerted effort toward preserving valuable historical material, the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation was created (recommendation offered by Mrs. St. John Lawton then Historian General). When a fund of $30,000 is raised by Division pledges, its interest is to be used for the above purpose, a vital necessity, if we wish to have southern history preserved. Dr Jamison, of the American history department at the Library of Congress, said that this project alone would justify the existence of the U. D. C. It cannot be used, however, until all Divisions redeem their pledges for the Fund. We have endeavored to sketch in a very brief way the history of the Historical department, for space does not allow a real story of its accomplishments in these forty years. We know that this first object of our organization has grown beyond all expectations of those ardent Pioneers who established it, and that many devoted Daughters today are giving it their earnest interest and enthusiasm. Quoting from one of our Leaders, "May our great organization, having its roots in the blood stained soil of the Confederacy, grow, bloom and bear the fruit of a History intelligently and loyally stuied."

If we are to preserve this history of the South, the germ thought of truth must be planted in the fresh young minds of the children, and the U. D. C. is endeavoring through its history department to weave these sacred memories and noble ideals into the new generation through its chapters of Children of the Confederacy.

CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY

(Continued from page 28)

High Lights of History of the General Organization of Children of the Confederacy

Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., was the first Third Vice President General to have charge of the childrens' work. Elected in 1919 she pioneered in the Childrens Organization. To her is due the credit of organizing twenty Divisions and registering 3,000 members.

Mrs. W. A. Massey of Hot Springs, Ark., (now our beloved President General) succeeded Mrs. Holt and on the foundation which had been so firmly laid, Mrs. Massey fashioned an edifice tall and splendid. In her administration three Divisions organized Children of the Confederacy chapters and appointed Directors.

Six thousand members joined the great army of Children of the Confederacy, the largest number ever to be enrolled during any administration. With a vision which has characterized all of Mrs. Masseys' work she compiled and sent out to all Division and Chapter Directors the first C. of C. program and folder. The aims expressed on that folder were: To teach the truth of history. To define the term "War Between the States," (It was at Mrs. Massey's request that the Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell made a terse, explanation of the phrase which Mrs. Massey compiled and has been used constantly since that time) To provide a Director for every Division and a leader for every Chapter. These aims will last for all times.

Those who have given their time, service and ability to the work of the Children of the Confederacy are:

Mrs. R. P. Holt, North Carolina, 1920 and '21.
Mrs. W. E. Massey, Arkansas, 1922 and '23.
Mrs. Chas. S. Wallace, North Carolina, 1924-25.
Miss Katie Daffan, Texas, 1926 and '27.
Mrs. J. T. Burney, Mississippi, 1928 and '29.
Mrs. John M. Wilcox, Texas, 1930 and '31.
Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Alabama, 1932 and '33.

To these women, we are indebted for the splendid organization of over 30,000 children.

It is inspiring to think that wherever Southern Daughters have gone they have sought each other, gathered their children together and formed Chapters, teaching them the Truth of Confederate History, and to sing the same songs their grandfathers sang around the camp fires.

An Honor Roll of Divisions has been instituted. Each month the Division President and Division Director will be notified if their Division has won the Honor Roll. The requirements are: Increase in membership. Chartering old Chapters, Chartering new Chapters.

The Honor Roll will be published in the Magazine each month.

Honor Roll to January 1st:
Increase in membership, Connecticut, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas.
Chartering new Chapters, Texas.
Honor Roll January 1st, to February 1st:
Increase in membership, Louisiana, Virginia, Florida, Georgia, Texas. Chartering old chapters, Arkansas.

ANNOUNCEMENT—All contributions to C. of C. department must be sent before first of each month to Third Vice President General. Do not sent to editor of magazine.

Two prizes will be awarded to C. of C. chapters. First to chapter sending in the greatest number of subscriptions to the Southern Magazine and Second, a prize to the individual C. of C. who sends in the greatest number of subscriptions.

WITH THE DIVISIONS

SOUTH CAROLINA—

The thirty-seventh annual convention of the South Carolina Division was held December 5-7, 1933, in Charleston, Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, general chairman, Mrs. Joseph B. Workman, Division President, presiding.

Among the many distinguished guests and visitors who lent distinction, inspiration and strength to the convention were Mrs. W. E. Massey, President General, Hot Springs, Ark., Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. S. D. Newell, General Chairman of Finance, Charlotte, N. C., Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Past President Generals, and Mrs. J. S. Rhame Custodian General of Crosses, Charleston S. C., Mrs. R. D. Wright, Past Rec. Secretary General, Newberry, S. C., Miss Marion Salley, Past Historian General, Orangeburg, S. C., Mrs. T. Q. Donaldson, New York, Mrs. George C. Logan, Washington, D. C., Mrs. O. D. Black Johnston, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Union, Mrs. C. J. Milling, Darlington, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, State Regent D. A. R., Mrs. W. B. Burney and Mrs. John C. Coulter, representing the Daughters of 1812, and the National D. A. R.

General N. G. Osteen, Commander of S. C. Division U. C. V., Sumter, C. C.,

Colonel Stephen E. Welch, Charleston, S. C.

The birthday of Lee, Jackson and Maury were observed by many chapters in the Division. The Georgetown Chapters celebrated on January 19. Addresses were made, Confederate songs and "How Firm a Foundation," favorite song of Lee, Jackson and Jefferson Davis, were sung. A social half hour was held after the historical program.

Miss Margaret B. Rouquie, Director of Publicity, S. C. Division, has been appointed State Chairman of Subscriptions to the Southern Magazine, and U. D. C. Editor for the Division. Send her subscriptions and send her news.

The "Sumter Chapter," Sumter, S. C., has subscribed to our new magazine for five years Hurrah for Sumter!—*Margaret B. Rouquie, Director of Publicity.*

MRS. JOSEPH B. WORKMAN, Ware Shoals, S. C., President South Carolina Division

Mrs. Workman was elected as the Division President of South Carolina, in December 1932.

She has served both Chapter and Division in many capacities. As Director of the Children's Work for four years, she won the reputation of being the most efficient Director in the entire General Organization. She served as Registrar of the Division for three years with pains-taking accuracy. During this time she re-registered thousands of old members. She found time to enter many essay contests, and won the Rose Loving Cup, one of the most coveted of all U. D. C. trophies, for the best Historical essay written.

Mrs. Workman is a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is at the present time serving the State Organization as the Recording Secretary. She is also a member of the United States Daughters of 1812.

ARKANSAS—Delana McAlister Benton, Pres.

The. J. M. Keller Chapter U. D. C. of Little Rock, send greetings to the new Magazine, and wish to express congratulations, and pledge co-operation for its success. It is much needed, and we truly hope that the Daughters will appreciate it and support it. It has been said that "The pen is mighter than the sword."

We are one of the oldest Chapters in the State of Arkansas. Our work centers around the pleasure and relief of the Confederate Veterans and their widows of the Arkansas Confederate Home,

as well as trying to respond to the appeals that come to us from over the State from Veterans outside of the Home.

CONNECTICUT—Mrs. John D. Boyle, Publicity.

At the January meeting of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter, in addition to the Historian's program on "The Three Great Virginians" whose birthday we celebrate, Lee, Jackson and Maury, the members had the privilege of hearing an interesting address by Miss Virginia Campbell, a daughter of Dr. Campbell who was a member of the Faculty of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., at the time that General Lee was its president.

Miss Campbell exhibited pictures of the historic campus and chapel of the University, and home occupied by Gen. Lee, in which she was born. She also showed a small photographic copy of a famous old painting of Martha Custis Washington. The copy, a minature, was painted by Mary Custis Lee (Mrs. Robert E. Lee) when a small girl, and presented to Miss Campbell when she was a little girl, with the following inscription: "For Jinnie's Doll House from her friend, Mary Custis Lee." The original painting of the first lady of the land is still hanging in one of the historic buildings of the Washington and Lee University.

Kindest greetings from the Conneticut Chapter. We are so proud of having won the Babin Cup.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The District of Columbia sends greetings and best wishes. I have urged each Chapter President to support the magazine, and to write the accounts of their chapter meetings. Miss Lois Brown, 2115 F. St., N. W. Washington, D. C., is the Division Editor. I will do all in my power for the magazine.—*Mrs. A. Eugene Barr, President District Division, U. D. C.*

FLORIDA DIVISION SENDS GREETINGS

The Florida Division extends hearty congratulations and best wishes to the new Magazine. Thru this, its first issue of the publication, we wish to express our gratitude to the sponsors of the magazine; who are the pioneers into the realm of a new field for the organization, will make it possible for the various divisions in our own country and even those far away to keep in touch with each other.

Chapters in the East and chapters in the West will be able to learn of the activities of their sister chapters, in the North and South, all in turn better able to work shoulder to shoulder and better able to cooperate with the General organization's plans. We, of Florida, feel that through the study of its contents many truths of history will be presented to its readers and much valuable data obtained.

The forty-three chapters of this far Southern State are ready to stand back of the personnel of this magazine, to cooperate with them in presenting to magazine readers, a publication of which every Daughter in America can, and will be justly proud.

The Historian, of the Florida division, will urge her co-workers to make Florida 100 percent subscribers to this magazine. She commends it to them, not as a modernistic publication, but one intended to keep the home fires of Confederate ideals and heroic deeds ever burning. A magazine that will be true and loyal to the cause for which our forefathers fought and bled, at the same time keeping before us the trends of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A magazine which will endeavor to foster the principles upon which our Southland was laid, to endeavor by its influence to rear upon this foundation a better understanding between those who fought on opposite sides in the War Between the States.

Florida presents to the readers of the March issue of this publication, the memory of the flowers once gathered in the old fashioned gardens of our Confederate ancestrial homes. May the perfume of these treasured blossoms permeate through the pages reaching the thousands of its readers causing a deeper love for the old South's heroic past. Its brave present and its future hope and faith.

We present to you the sweet notes of the mocking bird and the old songs our mothers used to sing. May they plant in our hearts and the hearts of the present generation more ambition for greater achievement more loyalty to the home, to the God of our destinities, and to the country of our nativity.—*Emily B. Green, Historian, Florida Division, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla.*

GEORGIA——Ada Ramp Walden, Chairman of Publicity.

One of the most historic spots in the South—Elberton, Georgia, furnished the setting for the meeting of the executive board of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., January 17.

This was the initial meeting of the board at which Mrs. T. W. Reed, of Athens, who was elected president in October, presided, and she more than once expressed her gratification because of the large number in attendance.

Since the board always holds its sessions during the week of the birthday of General R. E. Lee, this event formed the basis of the reports and was stressed in the program at the luncheon.

Of particular note, was the report of Mrs. Joseph Vason, of Madison, chairman of the historical committee, through whom thousands of Georgia students will compete for the prizes for the best essays on "Lee, the Man and the Educator." Each year, Mr. A. A. Jameson, a loyal friend of the Division, gives two prizes at well-known mountain institutions (value $450.00), to the winners of the grammar school essays; while the Division awards two beautiful gold medals for the two best high school essays.

The essay work is one of the Division's "pets" and year after year, since its incipiency, it has grown until several thousands of essays are sent in each year from all over the state.

Another interesting report was that of Miss Mary Lizzie Wright, chairman of the Confederate portraits, who urged the birthmonth of the Confederacy's two great chieftains, Lee and Jackson, be recognized by placing of portraits or pictures, no matter how small, of those men who did much to place the South in a catagory of nations that aroused the admiration and respect of the entire world.

Every chapter in the division, featured its January meeting with a program of which Robert E. Lee was the theme.

KENTUCKY—Ila Earle Fowler, Publicity Chr.

January 19th in Kentucky always features Lee-Jackson in a big way. LEE DAY is a state holiday, Governor's Proclamation and all that! Paducah chapter celebrated; Mrs. Luke Russell in charge of decorations, Mrs. Edith Lawrence speaker, Mrs. May-Roy McKinney toastmaster, big crowd present, "amid flowers, flags, and music, all merry as a marriage bell." Albert Sidney Johnston chapter, Louisville, Mrs. R. W. Rosebury president, Lee Luncheon, red room, Seelbach Hotel address by Dr. S. N. Sampey, Miss Atha Gordon Carter, Miss Esther Brunston, Mrs. Evans music. Lexington chapter, Miss Julia Spurr president, largely attended luncheon, two crosses bestowed, three veterans present, guests from Paris, Cynthiana, Frankfort chapters; and from Falmouth Mr. Lee, a veteran and his nieces. Joseph H. Lewis chapter, Frankfort, Miss Annabelle Fogg president, lovely exercises in the evening at the New Capital Hotel gold ballroom. Mrs. Josephine Turner Division President, gave the principal address: Southern music by Mrs. John Fuss, Mrs. Chas. Duvall, Mrs. E. W. Wolf, Miss Josephine Kavanaugh, and Harry K. Rogers. The feature of the evening was the Radio Drama, The Three Swords of Lee, by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, which, broadcast from Arlington, came over the Dixie Chain of the Columbia System. Many who could not attend heard the drama on their home radios.

KENTUCKY DAY, secured from the Kentucky Legislature several years ago by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, has become an annual occasion for the Kentucky chapters and is observed by many schools where we have no chapters. It is December 12th—the Governor proclaims it. This year Louisville gave a program over radiophone and the Albert S. Johnston chapter sent out 75 speakers to the schools.

NOBEL PRIZE. Kentucky is particularly proud of Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan, a Lexingtonian of Columbia University who won the Nobel Prize for distinctive work in science. He is a nephew of General John Hunt Morgan, the great Southern Cavalry leader, being the son of Captain Charlton Morgan. His sister, Miss Eleanor Key (Nelly) Morgan still lives in Lexington, and his birthplace the historic old Morgan Home is a show place of the town. He is directly descended on his mother's side from Francis Scott Key, author of The Star Spangled Banner. Dr. Morgan is a graduate of the University of Kentucky, and of Johns Hopkins, with honorary degrees from McGill, California; Edinburg and Michigan. The Louisville Courier Journal began an editorial concerning him: "Another John Hunt Morgan rides again."

A SAD NOTE: The last Confederate veteran in Clark county, Ky., died in Winchester, Ky., in October, T. M. Parrish, aged 92. Also in October at Evansville, Indiana, passed Alexander Cunningham, one of three surviving veterans of the Old Second Kentucky, the others being Mr. Thomas Greer, of Hopkinsville and Mr. Joseph Murphy of Princeton, Ky.

IN MEMORIAM: Starling Yager died unexpectedly in Louisville after a successful operation. He was the beloved brother of Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop and Miss Jessie Yager of Owensboro, two of the loyal Daughters of our state. This break in a family unusually devoted to each other calls for sympathy throughout the state among our Daughters as well as a host of other friends.

OWENSBORO: Miss Yager it is who sends in from Owensboro the clippings from the newspapers covering a full year's work and play of the John C. Breckenridge chapter, Mrs. Robert Harris Duncan president. Among many fine accomplishments: entertainment of Second District convention; memorial services at Elmwood Cemetary, address by Mr. Herman Birkhead; offering of school prizes for essays; Lee-Jackson luncheon; Their W. N. Bumpus C. of C. chapter studying women of the south, particularly the local heroines of the Sixties; work for all Confederate causes and a number of historical papers read by members.

LOUISIANA—

We are looking forward with great joy to the visit of our President-General, Mrs. W. E. Massey, during the thirty-fifth convention, May 10-11, in Baton Rouge. May 12, the Louisiana Children of the Confederacy will hold their second annual convention in Baton Rouge. At an executive Committee meeting held February 6, in New Orleans plans for these conventions were made.

All over the state the U. D. C. heard the radio program January 19, from Arlington, "The Three Swords of Lee," by Matthew Page Andrews, and on February 3, they listened to the Sidney Lanier program from Atlanta, Georgia. Some of the Louisiana U. D. C. broadcasted from stations in this state on Robert E. Lee, and also celebrated by having school programs, bestowing crosses, and in other ways.

The chapters in Louisiana are busy in almost every phase of U. D. C. work, at home and for the general organization.—*Mrs. R. Krause, President.*

MARYLAND—Mrs. Frank C. Orrick, Editor. Maryland Division.

Congratulations from Maryland to *The Southern Magazine.* The interest and enthusiasm stirred by the General Convention was evident in the January meetings of all Maryland chapters. A large part of the January Division Board meeting was turned over to chapter presidents, and their reports were an inspiration to hear.

Baltimore Chapter No. 8 held a most successful meeting, celebrating the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. Mr. Francis Bierne was the speaker and told many interesting things about the life of General Lee. Mr. James P. Templeman received a Cross of Military Service, and Mr. Thos. Bowles received his father's Cross of Honor. The meeting was followed by a very delightful tea.

The General Bradley T. Johnson Chapter held its meeting at the Peale Museum, where after a short business meeting, a very interesting talk was given by the Curator, Mr. MaGill James. This was a guest meeting and was followed by a tea. The Peale Museum, with its interesting history and valuable exhibits, made this a memorable meeting.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter held a luncheon at the Francis Scott Key Hotel in Frederick on Saturday, January 20. Mr. Norris Harris, well known to all Maryland Daughters, was the speaker. He gave a splendid address on the life of General Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. Sappington, the president, in giving her annual report, emphasized especially the unveiling of the marker in Mount Olivet Cemetery on Confederate Decoration Day, containing the names of those from this county who fought for the South, as an outstanding work of the chapter.

Major-General George S. Simonds, U. S. A., Commandant of the Army War College, Washington, D. C., and Commander William H. Thomas, Chaplain, U. S. N. of the Naval Academy, were guest speakers of the William H. Murray Chapter of Annapolis when the birthday of General Lee was celebrated.

With several new chapters to her credit, and the splendid inspiration aroused by being hostess to the General Convention to spur her on, Maryland starts off the work of the new year with marked enthusiasm, Loyalty, and Love of the U. D. C.
Mrs. Frank C. Orrick, Editor, Maryland Division.

MASSACHUSETTS—Woodrow Wilson Chapter. Cambridge, Mass.

The Woodrow Wilson Chapter, U. D. C., is sponsoring an International movement as a Memorial to their former president, to be called *Jessie Wilson Sayre Scholarship in Geneva.* For the study of International cooperation.

Those who were close to Jessie W. Sayre knew that the subject nearest to her heart, and that for which she gave her full measure of devotion, was International understanding and peace. One of the strongest points that she advocated in her public stand for this great ideal was the act that proper education of the young people would be the way to make this an assured fact in the future.

It is proposed to establish a foundation fund—the interest to be used to send a student of international relations to Geneva for a summer's work, or for a winter's work at the University Institute of Higher International Studies.

In this form of loving service, those who knew or admired and believed in the ideals of Woodrow Wilson, and the work his daughter carried on where he left off, have the consciousness of knowing that they are really carrying on.

The Committee on Awards is composed of Prof. Manley O. Hudson of Harvard, Mrs. Charles Peabody and Mrs. John F. Moors. An applicant must be a graduate of an American college, and must have completed one or more courses in international relations.

The active Committee of the Memorial Foundation consists of fifteen members, whose chairman is Mrs. Roscoe H. Chesley, President of Woodrow Wilson Chapter of the U. D. C.

An Honorary Committee consists of Hon. Newton D. Baker, Sir Herbert Ames, Miss Ada Comstock, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Prince Devakul of Siam and others.—*Mary C. (Mrs. R. H.) Chesley*

(Editors Note—On Feb. 20, at 4:30 P. M., Mrs. R. H. Chesley went on the air "with Sidney Lanier." This courtesy was extended Mrs. Chesley by Station WEEI, Boston, Mass.)

MISSOURI—

All Missouri Daughters send greetings to the new Magazine, and pledge faithful co-operation. You can count on us to do anything to make the magazine a success in Missouri.—*Mrs. Guy C. Million, President Missouri Division, U. D. C.*

MICHIGAN—

On January 2, members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Detroit visited the Capitol in Lancing, where George E. Bushnell, son of Mrs. John E. Bushnel, one of our members, was induced into office of Supreme Judge of Michigan. The Chapter President, Mrs. J. Edgar Finley, presented him with a beautiful U. S. silk flag with streamers bearing the name "Robert E. Lee Chapter of Michigan U. D. C.," preceded by a short tribute to the occasion given by Mrs. Bess Garner, 3rd Vice President.

A memorial program formed our January meeting, with talks by a college professor on the lives of Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Mathew Fontaine Maury. We are just starting an intensive campaign to raise funds to carry on local as well as national obligations.—*Audrey M. Findley, Pres.*

(Editors Note—The honor guest at this occasion was Mrs. Louise Summers, one of the beneficiaries of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund. In a letter received from Mrs. Summers, who is in her 80th year, she says: "I shall never forget the day. A committee from the Robert E. Lee Chapter called for me, taking me to the Book Cadillac Hotel for luncheon. I was introduced by the chairman as the "honor guest." Not having been to a social function for seventeen years, and not realizing that I was holding this position, (I was only the wife of a Confederate soldier) my surprise was so great I had to be prompted to rise to my feet. No one will ever know how I appreciate the honor bestowed on me. The Chapter was so loving and kind at Christmas. They sent me a veritable shower of good things. I know that I will never be forsaken while I live. Every day my thanks ascend to God for giving me such kind friends. My love to you, and God bless you."

Louise E. Summers.

MINNESOTA—

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, celebrated the birthday of General Lee at the regular monthly meeting of the Chapter of Thursday, January 18th.

The luncheon was held at the Curtis Hotel. After the business meeting was concluded an address was made by Dr. William Johnstone of St. Paul, Minn. Dr. Johnstone is the author of a recently published book, "Robert E. Lee, the Christian," which is a most impressive and moving study of the life of Gen. Lee.

Every word of this beautiful and eloquent address was enjoyed by the Chapter members. I wish every daughter of the Confederacy could have heard it with us.—*Rebecca Leigh Harrison,President, Robert E. Lee Chapter.*

NEW JERSEY—

A joint meeting of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of East Orange and the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Glen Ridge was held at the Essex County Country Club, Orange, on Monday afternoon, Jan. 22nd. About one hundred Daughters of the Confederacy paid homage to the distinguished Southern leaders, Robert E. Lee, Matthew Fontaine, Maury, and Stonewall Jackson. Our Ex-President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler of New York, delivered a very interesting and educational address. Also on the program was Judge Beard of Maryland, who eulogized the two men of the confederacy commenting on the appropriateness of this gathering by the two chapters which bear the names of Southern Generals. The Division President and four of the Chapter Presidents from New York honored us by attending. Piano selections, singing and refreshments closed our meeting. Members and friends of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter enjoyed an educational and interesting visit to an optical plant in Newark on the eight of February. The trip was lucrative too, for we earned a small sum for the treasury which this company pays to those attending. A different and easy way to add to the chapter funds.

(Mrs. G. Lloud) Ella M. King, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter

NEW MEXICO—

The Ellen W. Jones Chapter of Portales writes: "We are so thrilled over the idea of having a Magazine, for we have really missed the Veteran. Mrs. W. B. Oldham, our recording secretary, has consented to act as our chapter editor. Long life, and much success to you and the new magazine."

Clarice M. Mears (Mrs. T. E.) President.

NEW YORK—

On January 19th, a celebration was held at the Park Lane Hotel under the auspices of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy to honor Gen. Robert E. Lee. It was a brilliant affair.

Mr. Alexander J. Field the Commander of the S. C. V. presided with charm and distinction.

An able address was made by Dr. Ross of the Presbyterian Church, Rutherford, N. J. on Gen. Lee. It was especially interesting to hear so fine an eulogy from a Northerner. Those present were

delighted by the songs of Mr. Chickering, accompanied by Miss Vaiden, both Southerners.

Crosses of Military Service were bestowed upon: Major Edward Dessan Clarkson, and Mr. Julius F. Holden, the latter's cross was received by his sister Mrs. Mary L. Carr. Later in the evening dancing was enjoyed followed by supper. The annual reception given by Mrs. James Henry Parker on January 13 to the New York Chapter was a brilliant affair, largely attended and much enjoyed by all.—*Elsie Lathrop Lewis, Pres. N. Y.*

OHIO—

The Ohio Division sends greetings and best wishes to the Southern Magazine and prays for its success.

Division and Chapter officers took up their duties for the year on January 1. Interest for the month was centered in the celebration of January 19, the birthdays of Lee, Jackson and Maury.

The Cleveland chapters had a joint celebration with a dinner and speaker. The Cincinnati chapters had a dinner party and two speakers, the Rev. Lawrence C. Witten who spoke on the life of Stonewall Jackson.

The LaSalle Corbell Pickett chapter of Akron, the baby chapter of the Division had their first party, a tea, on January 20th, celebrating General Lee's birthday. They had as their guests the Jefferson Davis chapter of Akron and some of the U. D. C. of Cleveland. They bestowed a Cross of Honor on a Confederate Veteran, Mr. Massie.

Dixie chapter of Columbus meets annually with Mr. and Mrs. Landon C. Bell for the celebration of Gen. Lee's birthday. Dr. W. C. Preston of Cincinnati was the speaker this year. .

The Ohio Division has five beneficiaries on its regular roll to whom a check is sent each month. Each one of these had nice Christmas boxes sent them.

I am so happy to announce that the CWA has allowed $15,000.00 for the building of a permanent dock at Johnson's Island cemetery and weather permitting it will be finished by Memorial day in June

A wreath of magnolia leaves tied with red and white ribbon was placed on the Lee Marker on the Dixie Highway near Franklin, Ohio, Jan. 19 by the Division.—*Margaret Harris Crocker, President, Ohio Division.*

NORTH CAROLINA—

North Carolina division enters 1934 encouraged and hopeful. The January celebrations in honor of General Lee, General Jackson, and Commodore Maury were diversified, interesting and universal.

The Historian General, Mrs. John H. Anderson, received the members of her chapter, the General Johnson Pettigrew at her home in Raleigh, where a beautiful program was carried out, on January 19. This program included the broadcast from Arlington of the drama, "The Three Swords of Lee."

Mrs. James Edwin Woodward, president of the Division, assisted by the members of her circle of the John W. Dunham chapter, of Wilson, entertained at a handsomely appointed Confederate tea at her home on Wilson Circle. This chapter has the distinction of having furnished two presidents, two corresponding secretaries, a recording secretary and a chaplain to the division.

At Rocky Mount, Bethel Heroes chapter assisted in celebrating the three Confederate birthdays in the schools of the city where elaborate programs were given.

The Stonewall Jackson and the General James H. Lane chapters of Charlotte held a joint banquet in the private dining room at Efirds on January 19. General William A. Smith, Commander of the North Carolina Confederate Veterans, and Mrs. Smith, Colonel Heath, Miss Lura Heath of Monroe, and the members of Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., were honor guests of the chapters.

The J. E. B. Stuart chapter, of Fayetteville, observed the day with appropriate exercises which included a program given in the Confederate Woman's Home of that place. Over forty women are inmates of this home, over which Mrs. Ina Faust Smith presides with an efficiency and tact which endears her to each of these women.

General D. H. Hill chapter, at Elizabeth City, held their January meeting in the auditorium of the high school with students, faculty, visitors and the two surviving Confederate Veterans as guests. The Lee-Jackson program given on this occasion was one of the most enjoyable ever given in the city.

At Warsaw, the James Kenan chapter presented their program in the "Hut" which is the community center of the place. This program included many southern melodies which are now rarely heard, and a history of "Traveler," General Lee's noted horse, which is the only horse known to have a monument erected in his memory. An unique feature of the meeting was a cross word puzzle on "Lee."

Winnie Davis chapter, of Pittsboro, observed the day in all schools, and adjourned for a meeting in the home of the president, Mrs. J M. Gregory.

Raeford chapter was also very active in commemorating all Confederate anniversaries, and has the honor of having one of the most faithful publicity chairmen in the state, Miss Xyene Smith.

The chapter at St. Paul is one of the best organized in the state, carrying out all instructions with

great fidelity and participating in all civic work of the city. The children's chapter at this place is a great asset, not only to the chapter but to the community.

The systematic, persistent work of the state historian, Mrs. S. L. Smith, of Whiteville, has added much to the prestige of the state, by marking historic spots, recording historic incidents, writing of historic homes, and presenting prizes for historic achievements. A compilation of the facts accumulated is being made, and when completed will be a striking addition to state archives.

Mrs. L. B. Newell, director of District No. 5, gave a luncheon to which she invited the presidents of all chapters in her district for an informal discussion of the work for the year. Many plans for successful team work were inaugurated, and a program for the district meeting was mapped out. This district has often won the Lane banner for the best all round report, and the prospects are good for its success again this year.

Mrs. D. M. Conner, president of the Julian S. Carr chapter, Durham, is stressing historical work in the schools of Durham.

Greensboro chapter had eloquent speakers in all schools of the city. The outstanding activities of this chapter are the pride of the State.

All circles of the Asheville chapter had large and inspiring meetings on the 19th of January. This chapter has prepared a most attractive Year-Book, which provides delightful meetings each month.

The Robert E. Lee chapter of Asheville, under the direction of Miss Lavinia Lee, gave the pageant, "Heroines of the Confederacy," written by the Historian General, Mrs. John H. Anderson. Miss Lee took the part of the narrator of the pageant.

The Cape Fear chapter, of Wilmington, entertained in honor of the Historian General, Mrs. J. H. Anderson, the night of February 6, in the ball room of the Cape Fear Hotel. The Historian General talked on the historical work of the organization.—*Mrs. Cabell Smith, Publicity Chairman.*

OKLAHOMA—Mrs. B. E. Chaney, President.

Am delighted to report that Oklahoma Division is very much alive, wide awake, and active in all our U. D. C. undertakings. Our members are putting themselves more into our organization than ever before, on every hand, there is manifest renewed interest. Commemorative Memorial Service was held by Oklahoma Division on Sunday, January 21st in honor of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. This service was attended by many chapters from over the State.

On January 19th. a large reception and tea was held in the Governor's Mansion at Oklahoma City by Oklahoma City Chapter U. D. C. This reception was largely attended by officers of Oklahoma Division and many guests from Division Chapters. Mrs. Wm. H. Murray, wife of Oklahoma's Governor and a member of the U. D. C. was in the receiving line.

Clement A. Evans Chapter of Tulsa, Oklahoma, held a delightfully informal luncheon at the home of Mrs. G. C. Spiller in December at which Confederate Veterans, wives and widows were honor guests. The Division Persident, Mrs. B. E. Chaney, was present. Gen. Forest Chapter, Muskogee, held a guest luncheon in December in the home of Mrs. James Swindler. The Division President Mrs. Chaney, was an honor guest. More than eight guests attended.

Tulsa Chapter, Tulsa, Okla., entertained with a large Tea January 19th in the home of Mrs. J. W. Childs. The prize winning essay on the "Enduring Spirit of Robert E. Lee" was read by the author, Mrs. Josephine Weatherly of Tulsa, Okla.

TENNESSEE—

A radio program, to honor Sidney Lanier was sponsored by the Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer Chapter, Nashville, on February 3, the birthday of the poet. An address was made by Mrs. E. M. Gillespie, and two vocal numbers by Miss Isabell Nash, accompanied by Florence Boyer of the department of music of Ward-Belmont. The words of the songs were the poems of the great Southern poet, appropriately set to music.

One of the most delightful festivities of the holiday season was the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Greer, Magnolia Terrace, Sunday afternood, Dec. 17th. The program opened by "Joy to the World" announced by Miss Elizabeth Huff, president of Clifton Chapter.

Always a lovely service, but especially at the season when we celebrate the birth of the Christ Child, the christening of the little children was peculiarly fitting. In the living room, beautifully decorated with Yuletide colors the parents brought their little children to dedicate them to the Lord. Many interesting things were used in this christening service. The silver goblet, used by Dr. J. C. Orr of the Methodist Church, has been used in the Mims family for christening of their children for over 60 years. The Bible, from which Rev. D. C. Amick of the Presbyterian Church, read the scripture, belonged to Mrs. Greer's mother, Mrs. Margaret McSween Mims, and has been used in the family for three generations. The lovely dress worn by Kathleen Mims Greer was the same dress

At Dawn Among the Azaleas

(Continued from page 3)

Turning to the left, I was beside the gently flowing Ashley river. Perfume scented the air. Beside the river bank stood a tall tree. It was a cloud of lavender Wistaria—so thick were the hanging blossoms that you could hardly discern the tree's limbs. A mantle of blossoms of white Wistaria had captured the entire top of the tree.

Strolling to the left, I entered a pathway. Banked on either side were Azaleas taller than my head. I wandered through walkway after walkway of this gorgeous profligate color, and felt as though among the clouds of a summer sunset.

There are 25 acres of these softly fragrant flowering Azalea bushes from India. The individual flowers of these Indian Azaleas are amazingly large. The branches are solidly laden. The beds in which they grow are raised a trifle above the level of the sanded walkways. At the rear of the beds are trenches containing rich leafmould which later is dug into the beds.

Through twisting, curling paths, I wandered amid these Azaleas until the path led to the wide steps that ascended to the rear veranda of the owner's home. A little dark-colored baby lamb was lying on a middle step. I was told that his mother would not have anything to do with him, because of his color not being white. For this reason the owners had made a pet of him. Lucky lamb!

Running from the base of the steps, a green stretch of lawn flings itself down to the Ashley river about five hundred feet away. Great masses of Azaleas flank this charming spot of jade green.

Nearby, a group of pink Azaleas stood. They were the color of pink crepe paper—unbelievable. Quietly edging into the center of them, I felt suddenly as though I had magically been placed in the center of a giant's bowl of strawberry ice cream.

To the left is a tall tree whose fan-shaped top is entirely draped in the luscious panicles of lavender Wistaria and shot through them like a bursting skyrocket, are long sprays of Yellow Roses.

Wandering down the green grass toward the river, I found the simple yet exquisite Drayton Tomb of ancient "rusted" white Italian marble. I paused for a moment. The tomb is beside the banks of the peaceful Ashley river and great trees stand sentry around it. Azaleas bloom in gorgeous profusion close by as if in honor of their Founder who planted them years ago, and who sleeps quietly there.

Walking along the edge of the Ashley's bank I passed beside clouds and clouds of gorgeous Azalea blossoms shooting high in the air. Over worked bees buzzed. Pausing beside a giant Cypress tree, I looked across a tiny lake, on whose opposite edge grew great masses of white Azaleas. They looked like children's forts of snow. Their reflection, in the dark Cypress-stained water, was perfect.

Then, I entered a woodland of Cypress trees. Among their feet nestled tiny ebony black lakes, whose surfaces mirror the quadrillions of fluffy rainbow-colored Azalea blossoms, budding in heaps along the water's edges. Crowding, surging, herding through this woodland are vista and vistas of Azaleas in full bloom. A rainbow has really fallen to earth in Charleston, but they call it the Magnolia Gardens.

A white bridge flings its three arches across one of the lakes. White swans majestically float within its shadows. A Cherokee rose clambers up one of the nearby trees, shedding its white petals and golden stamens on the black water.

The silvery limbs of a stately Cypress tree, towering toward the blue heavens, are festooned with swaying gray green Spanish moss, mingled with the perfumed purple panicles of Wistaria. Crimson Azaleas cluster below.

Suddenly—I felt for my watch. Amazed—I found two hours had flown by since I had passed through the simple green hedge garden gate. For two hours I had wandered early in this dewy April morning—hand in hand intimately with Beauty—in this stained-glass Cathedral of Nature with sunlight filtering through the coloring.

"Well—I wasn't disappointed," I told the chauffeur, as I stepped upon the running board.

He smiled.

Charleston---Past and Present

(Continued from page 4)

therefore to find the oldest museum in America, one of the oldest colleges, an art association, the first lodge of Masons, public library, a chamber of commerce established before the Revolution, and that Charleston was the terminus of the first railroad built in America.

The marvelous climate, with an average temperature of about 65 degrees, its soil which is susceptible of cultivation the year round, and the prevailing winds from the sea, all combine to make the Carolina low country an ideal place to live, and Charleston became the center of commerce and culture for the South Atlantic Coast, a mecca for men who wanted civil and religious freedom and a place in the sun to enjoy them. Their independence of thought and action has brought them into conflict often, but Charleston has meanwhile sent many of her men to help in the solidification

and growth of the nation, men who have helped to make its history—men of courage and ability, willing to fight and die for their convictions. The list of names is long and splendid, and though Charleston boasts little, no city of her size, from early days to the present, has contributed of her manhood more splendidly, to any causes which have enlisted her sympathy and support for the good of the nation.

But Charleston does not by any means sit and dream in her subtropical sunshine. She has splendid modern facilities for every class of business—nine miles of developed harbor frontage, docks and warehouses, the largest textile asbestos factory under one roof in the world, fertilizer factories, four modern tourist hotels, cotton compresses and coal and oil handling facilities, and municipal terminals with a storage capacity of one and one-half million square feet— handling heavy freight from rail to ship. Charleston has also the best anchorage grounds on the South Atlantic Coast, and has been often hostess to the U. S. fleet and destroyers — her harbor is the finest between New York and South America, with a width of channel of 70 feet, and depth not less than thirty feet. The importance of maintaining the U. S. Navy Yard and Dry Dock at Charleston as a strategic need is recognized, as Charleston is the nearest "plumbline port to Panama," to the Carribean trade lanes and the naval maneuvers, and, as it has always been, throughout the history of the country, a strategic point of attack.

Under the British, Fort Moultrie was the objective in the Revolution. In the War between the States Forts Sumter and Moultrie, in the World War, submarines used her waters.

Being a strategic point, with a splendid harbor, the port of call from earliest times for both coastwise and ocean shipping, it is no wonder that Charleston's history is checkered with bombardments, attacks by land and sea, and attempts in war to subjugate and destroy her.

But in spite of these, in spite also of tornado, earthquake, and all forms of physical violence, which have devastated her from time to time, Charleston sits calmly on her original foundations —with her unique houses, her walled gardens, her beautiful waterfront, enjoying all her cultural advantages, hit heavily by the depressions of this and other years—but calm, confident, happy in the knowledge that, with teeming waters, marvelous lands, and a determined citizenry, life will always hold something of the best for her enjoyment, and for her to share with the world.

The first time a British flag was hauled down and replaced by an American flag was in Charleston in 1775.

Fort Sumter Defeats the Ironclads

(Continued from page 5)

searching out their moving targets with greater deliberation and certainty.

The "Weehawken" was backing. Evidently she had abandoned the design of breaking through the rope and boom obstructions of the inner harbor with the torpedo-defense raft brought for that purpose. She was firing vigorously; the "Passaic," passing in front of her, fired and then moved backward in turn; the two other monitors of the first division, the "Patapsco" and the "Montauk," were completely hidden in the smoke of their turret guns.

A heavy curtain of smoke surrounded the fort. It lifted slowly; he saw for the first time the complete panorama of the battle.

On both sides of the harbor mouth the Confederate shore batteries were firing at long range: Fort Moultrie and Batteries Bee and Beauregard on the northern shore and Battery Gregg at Cummings Point on Morris Island. As yet only the first division of the fleet was in action against Fort Sumter. The "New Ironsides," leading the second division, had halted. She had the appearance of a ship becoming unmanageable from lack of headway; her uncertain movements threw into confusion the line of vessels behind her. She ran foul of two of them, got clear with difficulty; Richard saw that she was signaling. The ships of the second division moved forward past her. As though encouraged by their boldness, the "New Ironsides" swung round and advanced again.

Acton realized that within a few minutes the offensive power of the enemy actually engaged with Sumter would be more than doubled. The "Catskill," "Nantucket" and "Nahant" of the second division, were monitors of the "Passaic" class, carrying fifteen-inch and eleven-inch guns; the "Keokuk," with her double hull and her two sloping turrets, was an unknown quantity, while the "New Ironsides" powerful broadside batteries of rapidfiring eleven-inch guns rendered her probably the most formidable unit of the fleet. Moultrie was firing upon the flag-ship at long range, and although she was still twice as far distant as the first division monitors, there was for some minutes a concentration of fire upon her from the eight and ten-inch columbiads of Sumter.

She halted and hung uncertainly in the tide. Undoubtedly she had been hit, but at that long range her armored sides could hardly have been pierced. Nevertheless, she held back; larger and more vulnerable than the monitors, she might have suffered severely in close battle with Fort Sumter, while her great size increased the hazard of maneuvering her within the arms of the bay. But the

other ships of the second division were coming rapidly on. Already the first of them, the "Catskill," was in action. Soon the "Nantucket" and the "Nahant" were hotly engaged.

The light breeze lulled; the smoke curtain shut down; it was denser than ever and it had a different smell. Again it lifted. He saw that the whole fleet was now in action. The "Nahant" and the "Keokuk," last in the attacking line, had moved gallantly to the front. They were fighting at shorter range than any of the first division ships.

Richard Acton realized that the crisis of the battle had come; the entire force of the ironclad fleet except the flagship was concentrated against Fort Sumter.

The ceaseless and shocking uproar of the guns increased: more than a hundred of the heaviest cannon ever used in war were thundering together. The monitors were constantly in motion; each moved in an ellipse, and together they formed a wide half-circle in front of the fort. The thick walls and arches of Sumter trembled under the impact of the great fifteen-inch and eleven-inch shells: when at the moment of impact the shells burst, deep craters were blasted in the brick walls of the fort. The smoke became so dense, its acrid smell so penetrating, that breathing was almost impossible. Richard realized suddenly that Fort Sumter was on fire.

That, however, meant nothing to him. There was something else far more important, but he couldn't fix what it was. His hands, his body, ceaselessly engaged, seemed entirely separate from his mind. He realized vaguely that he was trying to think of Diane. But it was as though he could not think of her. She was near him and yet immeasurably remote; she eluded even his thoughts.

Well, she was worthless. He knew her for what she was. Jacqueline had been worth ten of her. Jacqueline Fleur. How long ago that was! Paris ....St. Petersburg. The cafes of the Boulevard Saint-Michel. It was all ashes. His life was ashes. Diane had burnt him to ashes. She had consumed him. He saw her eyes; they looked as they had looked that night in the summer-house —they were lying now just as they had lied then.

A sudden and overwhelming sense of her enchantment, her magic, poured through him. The rampart under him shook. In front of him the parapet trembled, cracked; a section of it toppled over into the sea. Another fifteen-inch shell struck the wall of the fort below the breached parapet and exploded....

The concussion stunned him momentarily; he fell sideways against the chassis of the gun. He hung there dazed, only half-conscious. His mind groped blindly: James Hail's bullet, he imagined, had hit him; he was at Avalon—at Sherborne. Vienna was bringing in his supper.

Diane, of course, had heard the talk about Vienna and himself. He wanted her to hear it. So that she wouldn't know....Ash Rowland, he remembered suddenly, was in the Army of Northern Virginia. He looked a little like Diane—a great deal like her. Richard Acton pushed his hand through his hair; his head was pounding, black spheres revolved before his eyes.

He stood swaying, one hand clutching the gun-chassis, but presently, almost suddenly, his vision began to clear, the pounding in his head diminished, the revolving spheres disappeared. Through the breached parapet he could see the whole fleet, the whole battle. Except for the noise and the white jets leaping upward from the water where the shells struck, it was like a picture, a picture in a frame.

Most of the ships were hidden or half-hidden in smoke. One monitor—from her position he believed it was the "Passaic"—had retired to the eastward. Her pilot-house had been wrecked and a cloud of steam was issuing from her deck. The "Weehawken," too, seemed to be in trouble; her funnel, painted black and red, was riddled; her side armor was cracked and split. The "Nahant" and the double-turreted "Keokuk" were sustaining the hottest fire of Sumter. All round them the water seethed with the rain of projectiles. Acton saw the "Nahant" struck three times in as many minutes: he could see the black fragments of solid shot falling back from her impenetrable turret.

It was impenetrable, but the heavy blows jammed it so that it could not revolve and her guns were rendered useless. Her steering gear apparently had also been disabled, for she was drifting helplessly....The "Keokuk" turned bow-on and headed straight for Sumter. Immediately she received the concentric fire of all the fort's guns that could be brought to bear. Spouts of foam and jets of spray flooded her turtle-backed decks; in front of her and on either side the water was churned white by a deluge of shells and balls.

Firing from her forward turret, she came bravely on. Richard could see that she was being hit repeatedly. Her eleven-inch bow-gun was silenced; a solid shot crashed into her forward turret; a bolt from a Brooke rifle ripped open her hull ten feet from her stem and barely above the waterline. Her headway slackened, then ceased; she drifted toward the fort under a hail of fire.

The guns of Sumter, served with almost perfect precision, were hammering her to death. Her sloping turrets were cracked and dented; her armored hull was torn and ripped, her funnel riddled. Slowly she gathered way again. With ninety wounds in her—all the high courage of her

officers and crew made fruitless by the cool skill of Sumter's gunners—the "Keokuk," mortally stricken, moved slowly out of the fight.

The fire in the fort had been controlled; a squad under Lieutenant Inglesby had stopped its progress toward the magazines. The smoke cloud over Fort Sumpter was less dense. Richard Acton saw the Confederate flag at the top on its tall staff. Through a thin white veil of drifting smoke it shone like a flame. There was a great hole through its red union with the stars of the Confederate States, but the blue flag of South Carolina at the western angle of the gorge was unscarred. Acton was conscious of a queer contraction of his throat; he was stirred strangely by the sight of the flags.

He laughed harshly. He wasn't a sentimentalist, he told himself. Flags were nothing but flags. A battle apparently was mainly a hellish noise, a bad smell and an aching head. Nevertheless, he realized presently that he was shouting, cheering. The men around him were cheering. Captain Marion was trying to stop it, but throughout the fort the consciousness of victory had overcome the rigidity of Rhett's discipline. The men of the other batteries were cheering also, waving their caps.

The half-circle of ironclads in front of the fort was shifting, breaking up. The battered "Nahant," her steering gear repaired, was steaming slowly out of range. The other monitors, still firing sullenly, were retiring; he saw that signals were flying on the "New Ironsides"—the Admiral's order to withdraw from action.

A shirtless, powder-blackened man jigged up and down in front of Richard Acton. His grimed face was almost unrecognizable, but Acton saw in a moment that it was the up-countryman who had cursed the "New Ironsides." He was singing in a high cracked voice:

"King Abraham is very sick,
DuPont has got the measles,
Old Sumter we have got it still.
Pop goes the weasel."

Another man joined him, two more—half the battery. They were singing madly, waving their caps. But now it was Dixie:

"I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look, away, look away, look away, Dixie-Land.
In Dixie-Land where I was born in,
Early on a frosty mornin';
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie-Land.

"Then I wish I was in Dixie;
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie-Land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie..."

A salvo from the big casemate columbiads of one of the second-tier batteries came like a crash of applause. The garrison of Sumter, their outburst of joy over, had returned to the service of their guns; there had been, as a matter of fact, hardly more than a momentary slackening of their fire. A rumor ran from battery to battery that the ships would return, that Rhett expected another attack at once. It was known that, so far, casualties had been few and that the fort suffered no irreparable damage; but the walls had been weakened, a renewal of the bombardment might have serious results. Rhett's order was to continue firing as rapidly as accuracy permitted. Until they had passed beyond extreme range, the retreating ironclads were pursued by the persistent Confederate shells.

They did not turn. Few, if any, of them could have survived another half-hour in the deadly fire-zone in front of Sumter. They filed past the "New Ironsides" in a slow and solemn procession, and when the last of them had passed, Admiral DuPont got his flag-ship under way and followed his broken and beaten fleet. He was wondering perhaps—Samuel F. DuPont was an old man with years of honorable service behind him—how Washington would receive the news that he had to give. Defeat instead of the victory that had seemed so sure. The invincible iron armada flung back from the gate of the hated city. The vaunted "Keokuk" sinking, four other ships disabled. The "Rebel" flag still flying over Sumter.....

MILES BREWTON HOUSE

(Continued from page 5)

erected this house of lasting quality in 1765. At that time, he had seen public service as a member of the Common House and in June 1775, he was elected a member of the Council of Safety.

Scarcely had Mr. Brewton completed the mansion when he and his entire family were drowned at sea on their way to Philadelphia. The building into which he had put so much of his personality and where his portrait by Joshua Reynolds is today one of the treasures, passed by terms of will into the hands of a sister, Mrs. Rebecca Brewton Mott, that woman about whom clings so many traditions. In her famous yellow drawing room she was forced to preside over the mess table placed there by the British troops under Lord Rawdon which she did with the ease and grace of a hostess instead of the prisoner she was.

During the War Between the States, the fine

old mansion became headquarters for General Meade and General Hatch.

After the death of Mrs. Mott, the house passed to her daughter, Mrs. William Allston and from her to her daughter, Mrs. William Bull Pringle. Except for the original owner, the home has always been a woman's house. Miss Susan Pringle occupied the house until her death leaving it to her nieces, the Misses Frost. A rare privelege was then accorded visitors to Charleston for the doors of the beautiful home were opened to the public. A facinating study of the arts and crafts of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century may be made here in the enhanced value of the original back ground. One would naturally linger long over the architectual side and pay a tribute to every window, every door and fireplace, but the art of the glass blower, the potter, the silver smith, the furniture maker is rarely exemplified in the treasurers which the home contains. The fine collection of ceramics include the wedding china of several brides—Lowestoft, Canton, Worcester, Crown Derby, Chelsea, Davenport are found here in rare perfection. The portraits and minatures form a collection seldom seen except in a museum.

We step into the garden and pause. No one should attempt to describe a Charleston garden unless he is a poet or an artist. Here in the evening amidst a glow of color and enveloped in fragrance with the melody of the bird notes we sleep and dream, and dream and sleep, for it is heaven.

The Diary of Alicia Yonge

(Contnued from page 7)

leveled for the better defense of the city and barricades are being erected at the ends of the streets. It is very hot, but we have our shades down to keep out the dust and noise.

I am most anxious for our cause. The fort is not completed and is really only a pile of sand between rows of palmetto logs. It will have about thirty cannon, while the guns of the enemy amout to more than two hundred and fifty! Colonel Thompson has about seven hundred and fifty men under him and Sir Henry Clinton has nearly three thousand. Mr. Cordes has told me this in reply to my anxious questions, and I see no hopes of success for us. He says Colonel Moultrie goes around limping and groaning with the gout, but insisting that we will beat them. If we do not?

June 27.—Fearfully hot all day. This evening I sat on the balcony and looked across the harbor and thought about our soldiers on Sullivan's Island. Something choked my throat. People seem to like to get together and talk now and Mamma has gone to Cousin Helen's, but I prefer being alone.

While I sat on the balcony, General Lee came to see Papa, and he was in a rage with Colonel Moultrie. He says Colonel Moultrie is too easy and won't obey his orders. He intends to remove him tomorrow and put Colonel Nash of North Carolina in his command.

After General Lee left, President Rutledge came to see Papa. Papa told him about Colonel Nash's superceding Colonel Moultrie tomorrow and President Rutledge raved. Lee's a traitor. Mark my words! This Englishman hasn't got our interests at heart. Well, I still command the South Carolina troops; Moultrie takes his orders from me and I will cut off my right hand before I sign any order commanding him to leave that fort!"

Mr. Cordes is in that Fort and I haven't seen him for a week.

The same night, 11 P. M.—So much has happened in one hour! I came upstairs, wrote in this book, but couldn't go to bed. I put out my candle because of the misquitoes, and sat by the window. People kept coming to see Papa in the room below. He let in someone and I thought I heard Mr. Cordes' voice. I listened intently, but the drawing-room door was shut, so I tiptoed downstairs and looked for something to eat. The drawing room door opened and Papa said, "Mr. Cordes, excuse me for not coming down with you, but these gentlemen and I are pressed for time tonight."

I stood in the dining-room door and he saw me as he came down, and seized my hands eagerly.

"Oh, Miss Alicia, I was hoping to get a glimpse of you tonight, even if it was so late. I was over joyed when Major Marion sent me to your father with some documents and wills."

"Wills?" I echoed.

"Yes, many of the men were anxious to make wills; it will be a bloody encounter when the ships attack the fort."

I looked at him fearfully; his eyes held mine steadily as he tried to joke. "Miss Alicia, if I never see you again, you will think kindly of me won't you? Good-by Miss Alicia."

I held his hands more tightly and my lips began to twist. "Please don't talk like that," I begged. I can't tell you good-by, Mr. Cordes, I just can't."

"Call me Tom, darling, Tom," he whispered.

"Tom, darling Tom," I repeated, such a stupid mistake, but he laughed in the happiest way, drew me to him, ad kissed me as he whispered, "You're the sweetest thing God ever made."

Then Papa suddenly came into the hall above and called down, "Who is that talking down there?"

I could not speak, but Mr. Cordes, Tom, said, "It is I, Mr. Yonge, I am telling Miss Alicia good bye."

"Alicia? Why, Alicia, what are you doing downstairs at this hour of the night?"

Mamma cracked her door then and called in surprise, "Why, Alicia, what are you doing downstairs?"

"I came for something to eat," I choked out.

"Come up, and never do such a thing again. You might get a fright from a rat in the dark."

"Mr. Cordes," called Papa, "please come up again; I have recollected something important for you to tell Major Marion."

Tom squeezed my hand tightly, put his lips on my hair and whispered, "My darling little sweetheart," before we went up the steps together.

I was glad the light was so dim, because Papa stood in one door and Mamma had the other cracked. Tom said, "Good-night, Miss Alicia," and I said, "Good-night," and went up the steps with my checks burning and my heart pounding, while Mamma continued to scold me for mooning about the house at that hour. I sat by the window and listened as he walked down the street, until I couldn't catch the faintest sound.

This cool breeze feels delicious on my hot cheeks, and I would be perfectly happy if I did not remember that he came to bring wills to Papa.

June 28.—This city reels with a war palsy; the ships are attacking our fort; and all I think is, "He is there."

Floating on clouds of happiness, I went to market with Mamma and, as we were returning to our coach, the earth suddenly shook under our feet and a roar deafened us. Daddy Rose had such difficulty controlling the horses that we decided to walk home. Yelling people ran by and nearly threw us down. We saw Mr. Roupel and several British officials in the custody of soldiers.

Papa came home for a few minutes and we looked at the battle through his glasses, but could only see flashes of fire in masses of smoke. Mamma is at Cousin Helen's, rolling bandages.

12 O'clock.—I must write or go mad. Daddy Rose has returned with the horses and says that every man at the northern end of the island has been killed; that Colonel Moultrie has surrendered, and that he and all his officers will be hanged this afternoon—elevated by a rope!

3 O'clock.—It was a mistake. Papa came in; he looked at me and forced me to drink a glass of sherry. Then he told me that an express had arrived from Sullivan's Island saying that two turkeys had been killed and a boy wounded—I burst into tears. He says Colonel Moutrie has done considerable damage to the ships. Carvings and parts have floated to the city and are displayed in the Exchange. President Rutledge is trying to send over more powder.

I hope the British aren't praying, because whom will God answer?

5 O'clock.—Our guns ceased firing for a while but have started again.

7 O'clock——Papa went to the fort with General Lee this afternoon and is greatly encouraged at the way Colonel Moultrie held his own today When they arrived, Colonel Moultrie was sitting down in that inferno calmly smoking his pipe. He put it aside as his superior officer approached, but General Lee was much impressed by his coolness and efficiency. Three ships attempted to run past the fort but stuck on shoalsand, the Acteon could not get clear.

Colonel Thompson repulsed the enemy at the northern end. The inlet is too deep to be forded, and every time Sir Henry Clinton tried to send his men over in boats, the Rangers raked his decks with such accurate aim that he gave up the attempt.

We expect a worse attack tomorrow. Papa hasn't mentioned Tom and I can't get courage to ask him.

June 29.—As Papa says, "Glory be to God who giveth us the victory." Our city is saved and Tom is unharmed. We have beaten off a British fleet! 'Tis hard to realize.

All last night the city seethed with consternation and preparation for further attack. But behold! The enemy withdrew during the night. Deserters bring tales of amazing destruction. Ships were demolished; masts shot off; hundreds killed or wounded. But our dead and wounded amount to only twenty-seven.

I saw a remarkable sight this morning. We had gone to the water-side this morning to watch and suddenly the Acteon, which ran aground yesterday, exploded. A great mass of smoke rose in the air and slowly took the form of one of our palmetto trees. It lasted only a short time but was a beautiful spectacle, and we cheered as we watched.

Mr. Logan sent over rum and meat to feast our gallant soldiers today.

I stayed up as late as I could tonight, hoping Cousin Francis might send over more dispatches. Mamma made me come up at last, but I can't sleep.

Sunday, June 30.—A day of wondering thanksgiving at the miracle of Sullivan's Island. After

service, we were among those who went over with President Rutledge to thank our gallant defenders, and they paraded for us and seemed so grateful for our thanks. Mrs. Elliott had embroidered two handsome red and blue silk standards for the regiment, and she placed them in the care of Sergeant Jasper, because he had jumped outside the fort and replaced our colors when they were shot down during the battle. President Rutledge had prepared an officer's commission for him, but he refused this because he said he was not educated and was unfit to associate with gentlemen. Then President Rutledge took off his sword and gave it to him.

Tom came up as soon as the ceremonies were over, and our hands trembled as we shook hands. He spoke to Papa in a precise undertone. "Mr. Yonge, when can you accord me the privilege of a private interview with you?"

Papa answered rather loud, "You wish a private interview with me? Certainly, sir, I will be at your service in the late afternoon." Then he looked at us and a distressed look came over his face, and he said abruptly, "Where is your mother?" and went over to where she and some others were talking to Sergeant Jasper.

Tom and I walked towards the beach, and he reached into an inside pocket and drew out a little packet which he handed to me. On the outside was written, "To Miss Alicia Yonge."

"Alicia," he said haltingly, "Friday our powder gave out for a time and, as we waited here in great uncertainty, I made this for you. I hope you won't think it childish of me."

I opened the packet and in it was a small replica of a palmetto tree made from a strip of palmetto leaf, and attached to it was a loop of the same material.

"Put it on my finger for me, Tom," I begged. I pushed my mitt back; with trembling fingers, he slipped on my engagement ring and we turned and joined the crowd which was preparing to leave.

N. B.—Papa has consented to our engagement on condition that we agree not to be married until the war is over and the British leave.

April 11, 1780.——'Tis four years since I have written in this book. Promised to Tom, all my thoughts centered on him, and, as he was ordered from one part of the state to another in the many campaigns of the past four years, my fears for his safety and the long letters we have exchanged have occupied all my thoughts and leisure. I had forgotten I owned this little diary until Mamma found it tonight as we packed for my journey tomorrow. She enjoyed my little record so much that she entreated me to continue it.

So much has happened. Elated with Colonel Moultrie's success, General Lee conducted an unsuccessful campaign against Savannah; the savages on our frontiers, instigated by the British, rose up, murdered and tortured; Prevost failed to capture this city but devastated the country to the south of us. But the British again besiege Charleston and seem in a fair way to take it. The uproar, combined with excitement on my part, destroy my repose tonight; for tomorrow, Tom and I are to be wed.

Casual incidents effect diverse results; Mr. Alexander McQueen dines his friends, which event induces Papa to allow me to be wed. Mr. McQueen now occupies the elegant mansion of Mr. John Stuart on Tradd Street, and preferring that his friends should enjoy his choice stock of liquors rather than have the British drink them, should this city surrender, he invites his friends to dine and locks them in, as is customary and hospitable. Cousin Francis was among his guests, but being of great sobriety, his patience would not permit him to sit and see his friends become befuddled, so as they crowded around the punch bowl, he jumped out of a second-story window and sprained his ankle greviously.

Provisions being short, General Lincoln issued orders that useless and supernumerary officers must leave the city, so Cousin Francis has made preparations to be carried out on a litter tomorrow. Tom's duty and friendship prompted him to attend him, so he came this afternoon to bid me farewell. As we sat in the library, a flaming carcass, shot from a British battery, fell on the house next door. We rushed out at the screams of our neighbors, and smoke and flames rose up into the sky. The British used the smoke cloud as a target and began firing into it. For a few moments, we were in great peril and after the danger was past, Papa entreated Mamma and me to leave the city before it was entirely invested.

"Tis useles to ask that, Mr. Yonge," she answered with her usual liveliness. "I must remain to care for you. You would remove your flannels the instant my back was turned; never would you wait until the first of June; but I see no reason why Alicia and Tom cannot be wed and leave tomorrow with Francis Marion!"

Papa regarded her gravely, "Your apparent levity doesn't deceive me for a moment. Sally; you are a brave, faithful wife and if you are determined not to leave me, why your plan is the best possible one, if Tom and Alicia are still of the same mind. I see that they are, so I shall go and see Parson Smith at once."

"And I," said Mamma, "must go and see about a proper wedding dress. Perhaps we must use the blue lute-string again."

They left us and we gazed at each other with the love and wonder, and amazing understanding which had been growing up between us for the past four years.

RICEHOPE, May 1.—I am happy beyond my deserts. The trip here was a nightmare to old Priscilla, but the broken axles and snapped harness were adventures in delight with Tom beside me . Conscience hurts me that I am in this beautiful haven of rest and repose while my parents reside in the besieged city. Tom's mother and sister are most loving and attentive. His mother's tongue would seem sharp if you did not know her well.

May 15.—Charleston surrendered on the 12th. I long for word from my parents, but rejoice that the war is over for Tom.

(*To be continued in our next issue*)

Social Diversions of Confederate Women

(Continued from page 11)

itary life. Mrs. Davis was again the leader. She was assisted by Mary B. Chestnut, Mrs. Louis D. Wigfall, Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston, Mrs. S. R. Mallory, Mrs. Clement C. Clay and the wives of other prominent leaders. Her manners, says a Richmond woman, "were kind, graceful, easy and affable, and her receptions were characterized by the dignity and suavity which should very properly distinguish the drawing-room entertainments of the Chief Magistrate of a republic." For President Davis and her was purchased and furnished a house, designated the White House of the Confederacy. It was an elegant mansion with large airy rooms, a stairway turning in easy curves, mantles of Carerra marble, and furnishings in the elegant but restrained style of the Virginia aristocracy. Of the first reception held in this house a Virginia lady wrote, "The rooms were crowded. The President looked weary and grave, but was all suavity and cordiality, and Mrs. Davis won all hearts by her usual unpretending kindness. I feel proud to have those dear old rooms....filled with the great the noble and the fair of our land."

The ladies of the Virginia aristocracy, although somewhat suspicious of the new-arrived women of the far South, vied with Mrs. Davis in entertaining. Abiding in ample homes, set back from the streets in gardens of ample bloom, with magnolia trees guarding the portals, the Lees, the Ritchies, the Harrisons, the Cabells, the Randolphs, the Stanards and other families of long pedigrees threw open their homes and dispensed the friendliest hospitality. Their deep gratitude to the battalions from the far South for coming to defend Virginia against a hated foe softened aristocratic reserve. "When asked into a private home," says Constance Cary in her reminiscences of Richmond, "we found tables laid, as of old, with shining silver and porcelain and snowy damask, although the bill of fare was unpretending." "Do you remember Mrs. Stanard," wrote a New Orleans woman to Mrs. Clay many years afterwards, "who had such a charming house and gave such delightful teas, alluring such men as Soule, Commodore Barrow, Henry Marshall of Louisiana, Butler King, and last, though not least, dear old Vice-President Stephens? She boasted that she never read a book and yet all these distinguished gentlemen gathered around her board and ate those hot muffins and broiled chicken with gusto."

The great tragedies of America's bloodiest war did not destroy the craving of the Richmond women for pleasure. After Manassas, after the fall of New Orleans and Vicksburg, after Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, after the numerous other engagements in which the flower of Southern manhood was sacrificed, indeed until the fall of Richmond itself, the frivolities and joys of life survived. It is true that many ladies mourned the loss of friends and relatives, but it is also true that thousands of men survived who had won glory on the battlefield and expected while on their brief furloughs to be paid for their toils by the smiles of the fair. "The younger and gayer people," writes T. C. DeLeon, "indulged in the danceable teas'.... after their sewing circles. Imperceptibly the sewing was left for other times; and by Christmas (1861) there was a more constant—if less formal and general—round of gayety than had been known in years." "Gradually and insidiously," laments a less friendly observer, "innovations were permitted, until at least the spirit of license tolerated in fashionable society elsewhere grew to be tolerated somewhat in Richmond, and in the course of time prosy Richmond was acknowledged 'fast' enough for the fastest." There was no question among the women what they should wear at their numerous festivities; fine feathers, jewels, satins and laces were seen everywhere.

Ample evidence indicates that the capital of the Confederacy had no monopoly on social pleasures. Mobile, for example, was in 1863 filled with so many pleasures that a diarist concluded that a large portion of the inhabitants of the Alabama city "are altogether unmindful of the distress and suffering that now prevades our once happy and prosperous country." George Deas who visited this city the following year reported to Mrs. Chesnut that he had attended sixteen weddings and twenty-seven tea parties. "Life in Mobile," runs a summary of a lady inhabitant, "was perhaps gayer than most places....There was a round of receptions and parties and balls." Columbia, to call attention to one other town, was not without its

happy hours. "Concerts, fairs and bazaars," writes a lady of that place, "gave relief from the strains upon our hearts and brains, and when our soldier boys came on furlough and wanted to dance and sing, who of us would refuse to do their bidding?"

Among the women of the rural districts pleasures were simpler but much less enjoyable. There were "homespun weddings," sewing societies, "spinning bees" and quiltings. The young people met at night for "corn shuckings" and "candy pullings." The children got amusement from parching peanuts and making candy.

This fiddling while Rome burned brought forth protests from numerous quarters. They came from the old, the serious minded and the practical patriots. Judith W. McGuire, the hardworking wife of a minister, gave full expression to this attitude. "Some of the persons in this beleagued city," she wrote at Richmond in 1864, "seem crazed on the subject of gayety....I am mortified to say that there are gay parties given in the city....when returning from the hospital, after witnessing the dying scene of a brother, whose young sister hung over him in agony, I passed a house where there was music and dancing. The revulsion of feeling was sickening. I thought of the gayety of Paris during the French Revolution....and felt shocked that our own Virginians, at such a time, should remind me of the scenes we are wont to think only belonged to the lightness of foreign society." A hospital matron in Georgia expressed similar views. "But alas!" wrote the dutiful Kate Cumming, "not all the recitals of the sufferings and more than human endurance of our brave martyrs have been able to deter us from the festal hall. The sound of the viol is heard as much, and even more, than it was before dread war held high carnival in every state of our beloved land. We forget that every step we take

'Gives back a coffin's hollow mourn!'

and that every strain of music

'Wafts forth a dying soldier's groan'."

Ostentatious dress was subjected to the most sweeping criticisms. "Honey," said a sage old negress as she helped Mrs. Roger A. Pryor remodel old finery for the Richmond market, "don't you think, in these times of trouble, you might do better than to tempt po' young lambs to worship the golden calf and bow down to Mammon? We prays not to be led into temptation, and you sho'ly is leadin' 'em into vanity." These sentiments were echoed in higher quarters. "The Confederacy is writhing in the throes of mighty agony," wrote a Mobile woman in 1864, "yet women can now bow to fashion's shrine and burn the most costly incense.....As long as they can buy glittering baubles, and throw their treasures in the extortioner's hand, so long will he press his iron heel upon the aching heart of the Sunny South." Julia LeGrande at New Orleans wrote as follows of an acquaintance: "It is astonishing what latitude Miss N. Norcum allows herself....Her father is not rich but she dresses extravagantly, even in these times when wealthy women generally feel the cares and distress of the day too much to entertain a love of display."

Criticisms of feminine diversions were centered on Mrs. Davis and the other women of the official circle at Richmond. Although Mrs. Davis entertainments were carefully kept within the bounds of Victorian propriety her genuine love of pleasure and moderate display gave opportunity for criticisms from many who disliked both her and President Davis. "A sort of court is still kept up here," wrote Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, although she herself was not free of the charge of participating in social vanities; "but the wives of our generals are still conspicuous for their absence....People here.... do not hesitate to say that our court ladies assume too much state for revolutionary times. They had better be careful. We won't guillotine them,.... but it would be lovlier if they would realize their fine opportunities. Think of Florence Nightingale!" Edward A. Pollard of the *Richmond Examiner* was more severe. He accused Mrs. Davis of being a snob and of trying to create "an unrepublican court" by putting her servants in livery, by reserving for herself the right not to return calls, and by aping royalty.

That some of the women who lead the social diversions felt compunctions of conscience over their behavior is proven by entries in the diary of Mary B. Chesnut. Although as gay and as worldly and as self-indulgent as any woman in the Confederacy Mrs. Chesnut was too thoughtful a woman not to be self-critical. In 1862 she drew a contrast between her social set riding through the streets of Columbia and the wives of the soldiers walking. In 1864 she was impressed by her husband vetoing her social ventures as "too risky" and as "hospitality run mad" and vainly tried to keep resolutions not to be gay. At Richmond parties she was impressed by the somber utterances of men amid an exterior of frivolity. "My heart is heavy even here," said one host to her. "All seems too light, too careless, for these terrible times. It seems out of place here in battle-scarred Richmond." "You have spent a jolly evening?" she asked her escort at another party. "I have asked myself more than once tonight," he replied. "Are you the same man who stood gazing down on the faces of the dead on that awful battlefield? The soldiers lying there stare at you with their eyes open. Is this the same world? Here and there?" No wonder she herself grew som-

ber after a Columbia dance. "What a blunder," she confided in her diary, "to bring us all together here!—a reunion of consumptives to dance and sing until one can almost hear the death-rattle!"

But criticisms did not stop pleasures. One reason was that many women sincerely felt that pleasures were a necessary part of patriotism. They needed to sustain the morale of both civil and military populations; they offered relief from the grinding anxieties and hardships of war. Mrs. Davis was the most notable examplar of this viewpoint. The fact that she enjoyed her receptions did not prevent her considering them a moral obligation imposed upon her as wife of the President of the Confederacy; she anticipated the views of the makers of later war by recognizing the value of amusements for the fighting forces. When toward the end of the war she learned from her husband the true significance of the movements of Grant and Sherman, she no longer enjoyed her parties; yet she continued to listen to the irrelevant chatter of these occasions because she felt that that was part of her duty.

Others felt as Mrs. Davis did. Should soldiers and refugees be entertained? a Columbia woman asked. The "croakers," she asserts, spoke of "the sin and shame" of it in such tragic times. But this woman's mother was of a different opinion, "opening her hospitable doors to all the social calls of the situation." "Gayety of manner," runs a defense of the apparent levity of the woman of Mobile, "is not necessarily a proof that the heart is not bleeding." In the whole South there were no truer women to the Confederate cause than those gay daughters of Mobile. If they did "fiddle while Rome was burning,' they also 'fought the fire' as bravely as any of their sisters elsewhere." That the women had masculine support in these activities is indicated by advice by an uncle to a Florida girl. In these days of hard fighting," he said, "it is your duty to do everything you can to add to the pleasure of these soldiers, who are here today and there tomorrow." Moreover, it was observed that General Lee, whose judgement in all matters was supreme, came occasionally to the receptions at the Executive Mansion, where he engaged in raillery with the young ladies. He was reported to have said, "my boys must be entertained."

But the majority of women who indulged in pleasures were perhaps not aware of the rationalization advanced in their favor by the aforementioned apologists. They were not enjoying themselves to promote the general welfare; they were enjoying themselves because of a natural craving for diversions and because they were thrown into a sort of ecstacy by the presence of men engaged in as heroic undertaking as America has ever seen. Indeed, it may be truly said that the war brought to the young women of the South more adventure, more fun, more dancing, flirting, picnicing, singing and church going than they had ever thought of in their dreams; more men and more lovers than they had ever read of in the most extravagant romances. The high emotions which this situation created is revealed by more than one girl. "With what feelings of rapture," writes one of her opportunity to visit Richmond, "did I hail the announcement! After three years' seclusion....suddenly to find myself transported to Richmond, the very capital of war! to see war! the pride and pomp and glorious circumstance of war!" "One good thing," wrote Eliza Frances Andrews of Georgia, "the war has brought about many evils; it has brought us in contact with many people we should never have known otherwise. I know it must be charming to have all those nice army officers around."

Why was Malvina S. Waring, a South Carolina girl, willing, in March, 1865, to undergo all the hardships of a journey to Richmond? The reward of traveling in one of the crowded and dilapidated trains of the Confederacy was the opportunity to flirt with a character as handsome as any in contemporary fiction. He was, she affirms in her diary, tall, broad-shouldered and possessed of a "tawny, flowing mustache and hair bright as 'streaks from Aurora's fingers'." The reward for living in beseiged and over-crowded Richmond was the "surging intoxicating stream of brass buttons, epaulettes, and sword-belted manhood." "There is," she added, "an air of military inspiration around us; it pervades our being; we exist in a tremor of ecstacy, or else foreboding. Our Richmond life holds a little of everything save ennui —not a grain of that."

It was of little consequence to the Confederate girl if the Confederate soldier of reality was often a ragged and hungry rustic. She was mystically romantic, able to endow the most commonplace soldier with the saccharine qualities of such contemporary romances as *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The days of Bruce*. "One looks at a man so differently when we think he will be killed tomorrow," wrote a girl attending a dance at Fort Sumter within the range of the enemy's gun. "Men who up to that time I had thought dull and commonplace that night seemed charming." "Mamma, he was so beautiful that I was paralyzed! I never saw anyone so beautiful in my life," exclaimed the youthful Elizabeth W. Allston of Poinsett Pringle, when he left for the war. Eighteen-year-old Frances Westwood Elley wrote as follows of a cousin in Mosby's command: "How proud I feel of him, his praise is on every tongue, gallantly, nobly he fought in the thickest of the battle; where the danger was nearest, there was his place, my

gallant cousin, and God guarded him for the orphan's sake."

From what has been said it may be surprising to learn that the thought of war and its possible tragic outcome did not concern many women of the South to the degree that a close adherence to the published evidence would have us believe. Most of the writing was done by the well informed and thoughtful; that is, by persons most likely to appreciate the significance of the great struggle. But the thoughtless, that is, the non- literary—were they not in the majority?—gave little or no consideration to the great issues of the day except when brought in direct contact with the war. And there were wide stretches of the Confederacy which until near the end had no direct contact with the great struggle. Indeed a North Carolina woman writing as late as March, 1865, was of the opinion that the War between the States was another illustration of Macaulay's dictum that in a great war but a small portion of the population is affected. "The ploughboy sings in the field, the wedding supper is provided, and the daily course of domestic life in general flows as smoothly as ever except immediately in the track of the armies," wrote this woman.

The existence of this situation made it possible for many women to pursue social pleasures approximately those of peace times. "It was not like war times," said a young lady who in 1863 had just returned from enjoying the pleasures of Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, Virginia; "dancing every night. I should like to have spent a month there. One could almost forget that a war was going on. We did not see a paper, and were happy in forgetting for a brief while the stormy world without." The same story came from another Virginia watering-place At Alleghany Springs, we are told, the pleasures were so normal that no one thought of war. "The whole presented a brilliant and enjoyable spectacle;" the bowling-alley, the billiard-room and the ball room had liberal patronage.

The letters of certain Southern girls reveal a little world of social diversions in a sense as far removed from the world of Virginia battle-fields as it was from the battle fields of the war which was at that time transpiring in Paraguay. "I went to a large picnic yesterday on the Yadkin River about six miles from here," wrote a Salisbury maiden to a friend in 1864. "There was quite a crowd....I enjoyed it very much....Last week I met with a great many of the doctors at their convention....I expect to go to Lexington tomorrow to spend three or four days. I will go to the commencement at Davidson the last of next month....Then....we will start on our trip to Pilot Mountain....You see it looks as if I intended spending all summer at home....Salisbury is a large and pleasant place." Another North Carolina girl in her letters talked of many petty activities and pleasures, but she seldom mentioned the war although she had a brother in it. When she briefly reported that she had heard that he was wounded, she followed this news by a more absorbing topic, how she entertained her company.

To be continued

Early History of U. D. C. in South Carolina

(Continued from page 12)

nished in 1908 to the General U. D. C. the organizer of its first commmittee on education. Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, and two other members of this important general U. D. C. Committee, Miss Armida Moses (Mrs. Arthur Jennings of Virginia) now deceased, and Mrs. R. B. Wright of Newberry, S. C.

From 1900 to 1913, the South Carolina Division had an official organ, The Keystone, published in Charleston and owned and edited by the Misses Mary and Louisa Poppenheim. All work done on this official organ was voluntary. No one was ever paid for it except the printer and the post-office.

In 1903 the South Carolina Division published its first volume of the *South Carolina Women in the Confederacy* (413 pages) under the direction of the committee composed of Mrs. Thomas Taylor, Columbia, chairman, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Miss Martha D. Washington all of Charleston, and Mrs. August Kohn of Columbia.

In 1907, the Division published its second volume of these records of the work of the South Carolina women of 1861 to 1865 (243 pages) under the same committee as the first volume with the addition to the committee of Mrs. James Conner and Mrs. B. L. Legare.

With the Veterans as our source of eligibility to membership in our society, come naturally our love and care for their welfare, and it was through the influence and efforts of the South Carolina Division U. D. C. under the leadership of Mrs. R. D. Wright of Newberry then president of the Division in 1908 that the Confederate Infirmary in Columbia was firmly established as a part of the State's care for needy Confederate men and women.

If this article had been named "What the South Carolina Division did *first* in the United Daughters of Confederacy," then I might close with the record that during the World War Work 1917-

1919 of the U. D. C., South Carolina was the first Division to endow a bed in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, in memory of General Wade Hampton, when the general U. D. C. undertook to and did endow 41 Memorial beds in that hospital for the period of the war.

Perhaps it is not amiss in recording the U. D. C. beginnings in South Carolina to state the fact that this Division was the first Division and Charleston the only city to furnish three Presidents General to the Organization, Mrs. A. T. Smythe. 1903-1905; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, 1917-1919; Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, 1925-1927.

And so, in attempting to relate these beginnings of the U. D. C. in South Carolina, we can truly say with Tennyson's Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met."

Colonial Churches of Charleston

(Continued from page 14)

was used by pilots as a landmark to guide their vessels into harbor. During the Revolution it was painted black to make it less conspicuous but on the contrary it was more so. Peter Timothy took his stand in this steeple to make observations of the movements of the British fleet.

The famous bells of St. Michael's, brought over from England in 1764, have ever been the Voice of the town. It would be hard to explain to a stranger the strong personal feeling that every Charlestonian has for the sound of these, "The sweetest chimes in all the land." It has spoken to him from his childhood of worship, of terror, of sorrow and joy. Their tone is sacred to his ears and men who have long dwelt in exile have yearned to hear it once more before they died. The chime of eight bells has crossed the Atlantic five times. On the evacuation of the city by the British in 1782 they were carried as one of the spoils of war to Great Britain but were returned. Charlestonians were horrified when St. Michaels bells were taken down by order of Major Traille of the Royal Artillery who claimed them as his perquisite in right of rank as Commander of Artillery. They were sent to England and there bought by a former Charlestonian, a Mr. Rybenau on speculation. The vestry applied to Sir Guy Carleton at New York and he issued an order for the return of the Bells. When they arrived at Charleston the people rushed to the wharf drew them joyously to the church and swung them to the steeple. The town had its voice again and there was much delight. During the Revolution St. Michaels Church was robbed by the British of the handsome Church books, the plate was saved by Mr. Lightwood who took it to Mr. Izards plantation Accabee several miles from the town and concealed it there.

The old high backed square pews and the sounding board over the pulpit have been retained to the present day giving the interior a truly colonial aspect.

A pew was reserved for the Governor and his company and many distinguished men have since occupied this honored place. When Washington visited Charleston in May 1791, he attended afternoon service at St. Michaels. Years later, to the same pew, the sexton, a Mr. Beasley, ushered a distinguished looking man. Judging from his appearance he was worthy to sit in the Washington pew. Later it was learned that he was our beloved General Robert E. Lee. The Marquis of Lorne and his wife Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria occupied this pew in 1884, during a visit to the city.

During the War Between the States St. Michaels had her sorrows to bear with the other churches. The bells were taken down and sent to Columbia for safe keeping. Thus thrown directly into the line of Federal occupation, they were burned and broken to pieces. The fragments being afterwards gathered together they were sent to England to the same foundry where they had originally been cast. There with English permanence the old moulds were preserved, and the bells were recast, returned to Charleston and there ring the same tone as when they pealed for the birthday of his Majesty.

Less fortunate than St. Phillips the plate of St. Michaels was all lost. The vestry advertised in vain. After some years Mr. A. W. Bradford of New York seeing in a pawnbroker's shop a tankard inscribed, "The gift of his Excellency Thomas Boone Esqr, Governor of this Province to the church of St. Michaels of Charles Town South Carolina 1762," bought it and generously presented it to the church. The cover to one chalice was found in Ohio and bought by the vestry but nothing has ever been heard of the rest. The organ was not injured much, to the joy of the Congregation. This beautiful instrument was sent to St. Michaels from England in 1768. During the earthquake of 1886, St. Michaels church and steeple were badly shaken and broken, but soon these ravages were repaired and the grand old church stands today as one of the most beloved in America.

Under the vestry room lie buried the remains of Major General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and John Rutledge, Governor. Many distinguished in the history of our state lie buried in the churchyard and a visit to this quiet, peaceful spot leaves one with a better appreciation of the men

and women who moulded the lives of their descendants.

Other demoninations soon housed themselves. In Meeting Street near the north wall the Presbyterians or Independents built in 1685 their White Meeting House, to which Governor Blake ten years later gave a thousand pounds sterling. This gave the name to Meeting Street. During the Revolution this church was turned into a granary by the British. Horses were pastured among the graves of its Churchyard and many of the monuments broken or defaced. In 1806 the building was replaced by a handsome structure known from its shape as the Circular Church.

The first Baptist congregation was the earliest organization of this denomination in the Southern Colonies having been founded in 1683. The meetings were held for a time in private homes. In 1699, William Elliott, a member, conveyed to the society the lot on Church Street as a gift, this lot was situated on the west side between Tradd and Water Streets. A wooden building was erected which was replaced by the present brick building in 1822. Representing the original body of Baptists in the early days of the colony the tombstones in its cemetary and tablets on its walls exhibit memorials of the founders thereof and early settlers among the members.

The Huguenot emigrants who arrived in 1680 to 1686 began their French Church about 1687 in the upper part of Church Street on land conveyed by Ralph Izard and Mary Middleton Izard his wife, for that purpose. Isaac Mazyck one of the earliest and wealthiest emigrants of their race gave generously to its erection. This Church was one of the four churches founded by the French Protestant Refugees who sought civil and religious freedom in Carolina. The records of this church were lost in the great fire of 1740, and again in a later conflagration but these devout people quickly rebuilt the present structure in 1843 and it stands today the only French Huguenot Church in America. On the wall of this beatiful little Gothic church may be seen tablets erected to men who stand out most prominently in this country's history, namely: Rev. Elias Prioleau, Isaac Mazyck, Louis Gourdine, Isaac Porcher, Peter Charles Gaillard, Antoine de Saussure, Elias Horry, Daniel Huger, and Daniel Ravenel.

The Society of Quakers or Friends were among the earliest sects to establish themselves in Carolina, Sir John Archdale one of the Lords Proprietors who came out in 1682, was a Quaker and he gave them a site from the Archdale tract on King Street near Queen on which to build a meeting house and such a place of worship was erected as early as 1682. No meetings were held after 1698 until a revival in 1718 after which the sect gradually died out. The building was destroyed by fire and there being no Quakers now in the city to rebuild, the lot is kept sacred and is still owned by the Society. Thus in ten years from the founding of Charleston, there was no lack of places of worship. It is remarkable that although not one of the original buildings remain, churches still stand upon each of these sites belonging to the same organizations and denominations.

These old colonial churches are of the style of architecture that grows with the ages. Climate soil and temperament build like the coral. To be truly good the structure must be spontaneous, a vital record of the genius of a people whose thoughts and deeds deserve a record. The low country's culture, wealth, soft climate and wonderful natural beauty developed a type so distinct and varied that it has been said that the American architect who has not seen it is incompletely educated. Here was a life of high romantic vigor, a lofty and devoted genius gave it unique expression.

Condensed History of Upper South Carolina

(Continued from page 16)

that the descendant of one of the most prominent of the S. C. Tories should be so much interested in the home of Washington. The Cuningham family were excellent people and took their old position of influence among their neighbors as soon as the Revolution had ended. "Bloody Bill" must be noted as an exception. He fled the state when the Revolution closed. He is buried in Brunswick, Ga.

In the earlier days of the Revolution, that is prior to the fall of Charleston, the most prominent up-countryman on the American side was Capt. (later General) Andrew Williamson. Major James Mayson of Ninety Six was another. After the surrender of Charleston these pass out of the picture and Pickens becomes the outstanding up-country partisan. One of the Hamptons was also a leader. The lesser lights are so many that it becomes a task merely to name them. In endeavoring to enlist the up-countrymen as soldiers in his army Cornwallis was guilty of a great mistake. The state was practically conquered, the people asked only to be let alone, but if compelled to fight they preferred fighting the British.

After the close of the Revolution, the invention of the cotton gin together with the malaria prevalent in the low country caused a rapid develop-

ment of the up-country. The state went wild over cotton production. The slogan was: "To clear more land to raise more cotton to buy more niggers to clear more land to raise more cotton." Our washed away, wornout, and gullied hills, are the aftermath of this cotton boom. The history of the state from 1800 to 1860, so far as the Piedmont is written in terms of cotton.

The Piedmont section previous to the Revolution is noted. The settlement, in 1765 of a number of French Huguenots led by their pastor Rev. Jean Louis Gibert on the Savannah side of Abbeville county. Their evidences exist in the name of the county (Abbeville) and the name of a township (Bordeaux). The original settlement was in the neighborhood of Hard Labor creek. One of these was Dr. De La Howe, the first man in America to conceive the idea of individual education and as a result of whose benefactions the present De La Howe School exists. A descendant of these people was that great Carolinian and jurist James Louis Petigru, another was his nephew General J. J. Pettigrew of the Confederate army who, although commanding North Carolina troops with which he made his great record at Gettysburg was born and bred a South Carolinian.

From 1800 to 1860 the outstanding up-countrymen were George McDuffie, Andrew Jackson, Pierce Butler, John C. Calhoun, John Ewing Calhoun, Judge John Belton O'Neal, James L. Petigru, Ker Boyce, F. H. Wardlaw.

In the Mexican war we note the names of the following up-country men. Captains of companies R. G. M. Dunovant, Chester; Preston S. Brooks, Edgefield; Foster Marshall, Abbeville; Joseph Kennedy, Fairfield; and Leroy Secrest, Lancaster, Pierce M. Butler of Edgefield, an ex-governor and a Lieutenant Colonel in the Seminole war, was the Colonel of the Palmetto Regiment as the S. C. troops were called. The flag of the Palmetto Regiment was the first raised over the walls of City of Mexico when that city was taken.

Preston S. Brooks, mentioned before as one of the Captains in the Palmetto Regiment was later a congressman from South Carolina and was one of the figures in the Brooks-Sumner episode in which Brooks caned Sumner in the Senate chamber at Washington. Press Brooks was a half-brother of Captain J. Hampden Brooks now dead but who, some years ago, was State senator from Greenwood county. Captain Brooks was a Confederate soldier in command of a company from upper Edgefield known as the Secession Guards.

Probably no episode in American history has been so thoroughly misrepresented by northern historians than has the Brooks-Sumner affair. Even the histories used in our Southern schools represents Brooks falling upon the helpless Sumner with a club and so abusing him that Sumner was for some years an invalid. On the authority of Col. Keitt of Newberry, a member of Congress at the time, an eyewitness of the affair, and later a Colonel in the Confederate service, the facts are as follows:

In the course of a debate in the Senate, Sumner then Senator from Massachusetts, grossly insulted the aged Judge A. P. Butler, a Senator from South Carolina and an uncle of Preston S. Brooks. Upon learning of the incident Congressman Brooks went to the Senate chamber accompanied by Col. Keitt, and approached Sumner. Sumner was a large handsome man, of a much more impressive physique than Brooks who was of medium size and rather spare. (It is probable, however, that Sumner in spite of his superior size was soft and that Brooks on accout of the out-of-door life of the South was more of an athlete). Brooks told Sumner to stand up and fight and Sumner refused to rise. Then Brooks with a malacca cane about the size of a man's little finger struck Sumner twice across the shoulders. Sumner cowered in his desk and Brooks turned away and left him expecting to be immediately challenged to a duel for those were the days of the duel. No challenge came. Let us be charitable and assume that Sumner was conscientiously opposed to duelling. At any rate Sumner departed at once for Europe, "in order to recover from his injuries." The only part of him that was injured was his vanity. Brooks was censured by Congress, resigned his seat, and was immediately re-elected by his constituents. Soon afterward Brooks was taken suddenly ill in Washington and died. Upper Edgefield has always contended that he was poisoned by Sumner's friends, but it is more probable that he died from natural causes.

In the industrial world of this period should be noted William Gregg who founded the Graniteville cotton mills and David R. Williams, once Governor, who tried to found a manufacturing center on the upper Pedee River.

The prominent up-country men of the period of the War Between the States, notice should be taken of Francis W. Pickens grandson, of Gen. Andrew Pickens and at one time United States minister to Russia who was the first war Governor of the state. He was originally from Edgefield.

Of the Secession Convention James L. Orr of Anderson came near being elected chairman but was defeated finally by Gen. Jamison of Barnwell Orr was at the time Speaker of the House of Representatives of the U. S. He was afterward Colonel of Orr's Rifles, C. S. A., was elected Gov-

ernor of South Carolina at the beginning of Reconstruction, and was finally U. S. Minister to Russia where he died during Grant's administration.

Among the members of the Secession Convention note the names of James H. Carlisle, for many years President of Wofford College, Thomas Thompson of Abbeville, a judge, Thomas C. Perrin, of Abbeville, president C. and G. Railroad, William Gregg, killed at Fredericksburg, John H. Means later a Confederate Colonel and killed at Second Manassas.

Note that the first ten regiments raised by the State after it had seceded were commanded as follows: 1st. Johnson Hagood; 2nd. Jos. B. Kershaw: 3rd., J. B. Williams; 4th., J. B. E. Sloan; 5th., Micah Jenkins; 6th., J. H. Rion; 7th., T. G. Bacon; 8th., E. B. C. Cash; 9th., J. D. Blanding; 10th., A. M. Manigault. (Sloan, Rion, and Cash were certainly from the Piedmont. Bacon, probably. Of the Generals than appointed, Bonham and Dunovant were from the Piedmont).

In the C. S. A. General Clement H. Stevens and Maj. P. F. Stevens while then residents of Charleston were originally from Pendleton, S. C. Major Stephens was after the war a Bishop of the reformed Episcopal Church.

The names of the distinguished men of the Confederacy from upper South Carolina is such a long one that I will have to leave it to the members of the U. D. C. to compile. I must mention, however, that General Longstreet was born in Edgefield. That Abner Perrin was from Abbeville. that Gen. Barksdale who commanded a Mississippi Brigade was from Laurens, that Col. Bland who was killed at Chicamauga was from Edgefield, and Col. J. N. Brown was from Anderson, General Butler and Gary from Edgefield, McGowan from Abbeville, and General (afterward Bishop) Ellison Capers was, I think, born in Anderson. But it is impossible to name them all. General Wallace of Union, General Bratton of York, Colonel Coward of York, Stephen D. Lee, the two Haskells, Generals Gist and Gregg—the list is interminable.

They cannot all be named:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the Dead."

The first cotton to be sent from American Colonies was shipped from Charles Town in 1784 to England.

The first shot of the War Between the States was fired from Fort Johnson at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor.

The Story of My Boyhood Days

(Continued from page 17)

fort, S. C., to which place we moved, and at that place I went to school until I was fourteen years of age.

The life at these pineland summer neighborhoods though simple was ideal in its comforts and social enjoyments. All of the families were friends. Indeed after the prevailing conditions of that section few of them were either related or closely connected one with another. All were of good birth and breeding. Much attention was given to manners. The men were all high-minded, open hearted, generous in thought and deed, and chivalrous toward women.

Truth and honor were regarded as not only cardinal virtues but requisites. The women were sweet and modest and of a femininity which had the greatest influence among men. Both sexes were well educated, first at private schools near their homes, and finished their education at schools and colleges further away, the girls going to Charleston or Columbia and sometimes to Philadelphia, and the boys graduating at the South Carolina College at Columbia, and a few at Yale or Harvard.

No one in that section of the country was poor. There was no great wealth, as is known today, possessed by any one person but everyone was well to do, with means and resources quite sufficient, and more to fill every want. Debt beyond the first of January was utterly unknown. Bills were made out and sent the first thing after Christmas; these were carefully checked, approved, and sent to one's "factor" in Charleston, who promptly remitted to cover charges.

I recall but one "poor person," as he was called in that community of fifty to one hundred miles. This was a Mr. Harris as he was always addressed. He used to come to McPhersonville occasionally and visit one or another of the houses and was always received and treated with the most scrupulous politeness and cordiality. I remember his coming to our house early one morning, and father inviting him to stay for breakfast, which he did with, what seemed to me to be rather remarkable alacrity. I was a child of six or eight perhaps, and it was the first time I had ever seen a person of that kind. I remember being most interested in him as being of an entirely new species of genus homo. I distinctly remember that we had beefsteak with plenty of brown gravy and hominy for breakfast. I can feel the wonder and awe with which I viewed his disposing of it and my being completely overcome when I saw him use his knife to lift the combination to his mouth. I sup-

pose my feelings must have been expressed on my face, for my mother took occasion after he had gone, to impress upon me that Mr. Harris was a poor man, but that did not make us any better than he was, and how good God was to us that we had plenty, while he had to work so hard, and had so little, and ended with the lines of an old hymn:

No more than others we deserve,
But God has given us more,
What must we render to the Lord
For all his bounteous store.

The house servants entertained a great and not always concealed contempt for these people, to whom they would allude among themselves and in the hearing of the children as "po buckra." "Buckra," as is well known in that section, meaning their name for white people. Poor Mr. Harris, he owned and cultivated a small place of a few acres of poor sandy land, in a shiftless way, barely scraping out a meager living for himself and a large family all of whom were as purposeless and colorless as he. I wonder what has become of them. Perhaps his descendants in the second or third generation, or the fourth perhaps have risen above their heredity and enviroment and have become captains of industry or finance somewhere in the busy world.

(*To be continued in our next issue.*)

Women Writers of "Lang Syne" Plantation

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the memory of those who fought and those who fell for the South. Her daughter, Mrs. Louisa McCord Smythe, in 1896, organized the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., and in 1904 became President-General of the organization.

Years passed, and with the changes that Time brings, Lang Syne passed into the hands of a planter who had come into the section from Marlborough County, the father of several sons. One of the sons, William George Peterkin, married a tall, red-haired girl from Sumter, the daughter of Dr. Julius Mood, one of that town's leading physicians. She was a graduate of Converse College, good company, attractive in personality, and a delightful conversationalist. In her plantation home there were old servants already trained to do the housework, but Julia Mood Peterkin liked to read, she liked music, and she found plenty to amuse. Probably some of the old McCord slaves were still living on the plantation. They could tell her stories of their antebellum mistress who used to take a daily horseback ride to see that all was well with them. They could tell how Mrs. McCord (for she had become a widow after only fifteen years of married life) saw that their houses were always kept in repair, and how "ole miss" had kept a medicine chest handy and dosed them when doctors were not in easy reach. And, then, these old darkies could, and did, tell "young miss" of their superstitions, and of the various signs portending good or evil.

After a time, U. D. C. chapters were formed in a nearby town, and then, the D. A. R. chapter came into being. Mrs. Peterkin, being eligible, joined both. The automobile came, and as Columbia was only thirty miles away, she became a member of clubs in that city, for she liked books, liked dramatics and was a musician. She willingly agreed to try to organize a "Louisa McCord" U. D. C. chapter, if enough interested women in her neighborhood could be found.

In the meantime, her son had entered college, she turned more to her music, and began taking lessons from a noted teacher in Columbia. It so happened that this teacher is a literary critic, as well as a musician, and he encouraged his pupil to tell him stories of the sayings and superstitions of the negroes at Lang Syne. One day he asked her why she did not write these stories she told so well. It is reported that he said, "You might become famous as a writer, but you never will, as a musician."

Hesitatingly, several stories were sent to one of the foremost critics in the country, and met with his approval. Several were sent to magazines, and all were accepted, then came a volume of short stories entitled, "Green Thursday," so called after the Negro's designation of their favorite religious celebration, Ascention Day. Following this, in rapid succession, were produced those novels and magazine stories, which so naturally portray Negro life on the plantation, that many a Southerner can see familiar characters pictured in them.

Today, Lang Syne's mistress is often hostess for house guests who are well known authors or lecturers, just as the mistress of eighty years ago entertained statesmen and literary critics. Maybe there is little similarity between Mrs. McCord's essay on "Diversity of the Races," and Mrs. Peterkin's Pullitzer prize novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary," but both have found favor in the eyes of eminent critics, and both brilliant women have found inspiration on the beautiful old plantation on the Congaree.

At Fort Moultrie the first decisive victory of the American Revolution was gained when in 1776 strong British naval and land forces under Sir Peter Parker were repulsed.

Sketch of Wade Hampton III

(Continued from page 19)

a strange magic in the name of "Hampton," color in the picture it evoked about the reminiscent campfires of the faded men in gray."

The reign of the carpetbagger was over when Wade Hampton was elected governor of South Carolina, and the "people resumed the possession of their government, and the direction of their destiny."

On July 10, 1929, the heroic statue of Wade Hampton was unveiled in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., by his daughter, Mrs. John Randolph Tucker of Virginia. The United Daughters of the Confederacy raised over one half of the $11,000.00 necessary for this statue.

Confederate Scrap-Book

(Continued from page 25)

The future President of the Confederacy met his bride when as a lieutenant just out of West Point he was stationed at a frontier post in the old Northwest Territory under Gen. Zachary Taylor. Taylor objected to the marriage because of the rigors of a soldier's life then taken up with Indian fighting. Old Rough and Ready wanted his daughter to enjoy the comforts of civilization, though she followed him to a distant post in Wisconsin and to Rock Island, Ill. It was from Rock Island that Davis and Miss Taylor came to Louisville and here they were married in 1835.

There was a brief honeymoon down the Mississippi and at the Davis home in Misisssippi, and then the romance was cut short by death. Her life was not darkened by the clouds of war nor was she to see the rise of her father and husband to greatness. She was spared the struggle with Mexico in which both Davis and Taylor won distinction, and she was denied the privilege of being at home in the Executive Mansions at Washington and Richmond, before and during the War Between the States.

Her path, however, led athwart momentous movements and counter movements in an historic period, and her romance has never received the proper attention it deserves.—*Times, Louisville, Kentucky,* 1933.

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IN THE LEE TRADITION

In the ever-extending observance of the birth of General Robert E. Lee, nothing is more interesting locally than the ceremonies held around his monument on the 19th of January for the benefit of school children. Many come beside the young people from the nearby institutions. Often the nurses bring the little toddlers, who in this way learn of General Lee from the very dawn of consciousness. Tomorrow they are to gather under the flank of Mercie's great bronze and are to place their pennies in a small model of Stratford Hall as a gift to the restoration of the ancestral home of the Lees.

Surely, when the love of the U. D. C. finds this expression, there is no danger that the South will soon witness the decline of the Lee tradition, which is perhaps its richest single inheritance today.—*Times Dispatch, Richmond, Va., 1934, sent by Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter.*

Glimpses of Famous Folks

(Continued from page 22)

came from England. His mother was Miss Catherine Temple also of England ancestry. He spent a great deal of his time at "Lily Point" which was a land grant to his great grandfather, Sir Henry Atkinson and which adjoined the famous plantation "White House," where Washington wooed and won the attractive widow Martha Custis. General Atkinson married a Miss Pierce of New Kent and has three sons and one daughter, Mrs. J. P. H. Leigh, who resides with him. At the inauguration of President Roosevelt General Atkinson as commander in chief, by invitation rode in the parade and with him his color bearer Miss Jessica Randolph Smith.

Another signal honor came to him when he was invited to occupy a place in the parade on Army Day in Washington last April. As his car passed the reviewing stand by the President's request the car was stopped and General Atkinson invited to the platform where he reviewed the remainder of the parade standing side by side with the President of the United States.

The Main Street of the South

(Continued from page 23)

was perhaps the first in Virginia to adopt this custom it appears not to have been the first in the country. Miss Mary A. Lindsley, manager of hotel in Washington which caters to 450 guests must be regarded as a pioneer in this field, for she has long been observing this policy. By a singular coincidence, the hotel in Washington and the one in Williamsburg are managed by women.

Perhaps we are yet a long way from the goal, but at least a start has been made. It's the dawn of a new day!

HISTORY OF THE JEFFERSON-DAVIS HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 21)

of its erection. As a marker for state boundaries the stone is four feet high, two feet, four inches front and one foot eight inches thick. This has a double bevel on the top and the name of the two states is on a bronze plate, each facing its own state, with the name of the highway, date, etc.

Boundry markers have been placed as follows:

Virginia-North Carolina, near Bullock, N. C.

North Carolina-South Carolina, near Cheraw, S. C.

South Carolina-Georgia, at Augusta, Ga.

Georgia-Alabama, at West Point, Ga.

Alabama-Mississippi, near Bay Springs, Ala.

Mississippi-Louisana, at East Pearl River.

Mississippi-Louisana, near Osyka, La.

Louisiana-Texas, end of bridge over Sabine River, near Orange, Texas.

Texas-New Mexico, at El Paso, Texas.

Arizona-California near Yuma, Arizona.

Kentucky-Tennessee, Fulton, Ky.

Tennessee-Mississippi, near Whitehaven, Tenn.

The last two are on the spur from Fairview, Ky., to Biloxi.

The name has now been secured by all states except California, which does not designate memorial highways by name, though the highway commission permits the erection of markers providing certain conditions are complied with.

Message of President-General

(Continued from page 26)

by Mrs. Mary Bennett Little, a former Treasurer General of the U. D. C., of Waydesboro, North Carolina, and is also much appreciated.

I will mention only one of the many requests that has come to me during the past three months. It was a letter from a lady, not a member of the organization, living in South Dakota who told me of the unmarked graves of two Confederate soldiers buried there. I immediately thought of a certain chapter in the far West which was named for a noble Confederate General and a former Governor of Arkansas, the General Thomas J. Churchill Chapter, No. 2030, Santa Monica, Cal., which I had the pleasure of chartering when I was Recording Secretary General. I wrote to a member of this chapter, Mrs. A. R. Bullock, and this was her answer, "Your first request Madam President General is already granted, Mrs. C. P. Leigh, Historian, recorder of Crosses of the Churchill chapter and I, are delighted to undertake personally the task of securing the proper markers for the graves of our comrades in South Dakota. We will have them properly placed and reported."

As we launch the new magazine in the first months of the New Year, I am reminded of a smooth sea stretching out before me and how much the United Daughters of the Confederacy is like an Argosy, and we, the members, like those who go down to the sea in ships, to do business in great waters. Sea travel is one of the oldest means of transportation, so our purpose "love" is one of the oldest human emotions. Our chapters are our shipping agencies, they touch every port. The fleet bears all the marks of a sea-going vessel, there is the commander in chief on board from the President General down to the tiniest sloop afloat. There are three officers next in command and to the third is assigned the duty of navigator. She keeps the ship off of rocks and seeks the path that is safe, so that even little childdren can follow in their tiny sail boats. There must be a log of the journey so who but the Recording Secretary could so well measure the depth, the breadth and the leagues we travel? Loved ones on shore must hear from the ship and news of the cargo must be reported, who but the corresponding secretary can so well flash that signal by postal or wire? Some one must keep a roll of the passengers, their destination, and their names, that is the especial business of the registrar. Every ship has a purser, ours is the treasurer, who writes our titles clear or in the red. Some one must recognize merit and give out the decorations, and so we have the recorder of crosses for that job, while the diary of the trip is alwaps kept by the historian and it is she who writes at the end of the journey success or failure. The cargo this fleet carries is one that may be seen and touched, such as application and per capita blanks, receipts, certificates, badges and crosses of service, but underneath all of this there lies an ideal, none the less real because it cannot be handled, of high purpose in educational, historical, memorial, benevolent and social service.

"We break new seas today,
Our eager keels quest unacustomed waters,
And from the vast unchartened waste in front
Our mystic circles leap,
To great new prows with mightiest possibilities."

The first Independent Government established in America was set up in Charleston by the Provincial Congress meeting in July, 1774 in what is now called the Old Exchange Building at the foot of Broad Street.

WITH THE DIVISIONS

(Continued from page 40)

worn by Mrs. Fred Greer, fifty-five years ago, when she and her cousin, W. D. McSween, were both christened at the same time by an old Presbyterian minister, known to many of this section as Uncle Harvey Smith.

Mrs. Fred Greer, as division president of Tennessee, made the welcome address.

Following the christening of the children, a very inspiring program was rendered by talented artists from Bristol. Mrs. Arthur King, of Bristol, presided over the program. Mrs. Richard Hayes rendered Chirstmas solos in a wonderful manner. She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Mary French Turner, celloist, and Miss Dorothy Turner, pianist. Mrs. Harry Martin of the Democratic Art Department, Sullins College, read in a perfect manner, "The Mansions," by Henry Van Dyke.

Following the program, an offering was taken for a Christmas treat for the old soldiers at Nashville.

TEXAS—

The "Win One Daughter for the U. D. C." movement in Texas is well under way. The Registrar Mrs. James Harris reports that she was swamped with work. The President of the Division has asked that every daughter in Texas bring in a new daughter this year.

Honoring the birthday of General Robert E. Lee Friday, January 19, the Lavinia Porter Talley Chapter U. D. C., flew the Confederate flag from the memorial flag pole on the square at the Municipal Building. This patriotic act was made possible by the courtesy of the Betty Martin Chapter D. A. R., who erected this flag pole as a memorial to President Woodrow Wilson. The U. D. C. appreciates this cooperation of the D. A. R.

Mrs. R. C. Ledford, District Chairman and Mrs. John Peery, District Publicity Chairman, for the 10th District of Texas, are visiting all Chapters in the District, and have called a District meeting early in March, at Sweetwater, Texas. These meetings are to be held through the entire Panhandle of Texas, and will mean much to the Chapters.

Acting under instructions from the Division Convention, the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at Austin presented to the local post American Legion a Confederate battle flag to be used in their parades. Mrs. W. W. Turner, Division President made the presentation. Mr. Walter Gates of the local Post accepted the flag. The C. of C. Chapter served as ushers and then served a delightful plate luncheon.

The Division President visited the Confederate Home at Austin this past week. There are only 169 men and 29 couples in the Home. Application for a new Chapter at Galveston has been received. It is to be named the Magruder Chapter. This Chapter is being organized by young women. Thirty names are signed to the charter application.

UTAH—

On the evening of January 19th the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Salt Lake City celebrated the birthday of Robert E. Lee with their annual birthday dinner in the Ladies Literary Club House. It was a typically southern dinner with Virginia baked ham and all that goes with it. The tables were decorated with silk American and Confederate flags.

After the dinner a very fine program of speaking and music was given. Mr. C. J. Ullrich gave a very inspiring oration on the "Character of Robert E. Lee." Mrs. Warner Wood and Mrs. Frank Hunt gave readings. Mrs. Griffith L. Jenkens sang several Southern songs. There were a large number present including many Southerners not members of our chapter.

Mrs. S. M. Cottingham, 214, So. 8th. Street. Salt Lake City, is appointed U. D. C. Editor.

VIRGINIA—Anne V. Mann.

Not only Virginia Division, but all of Virginia, "rode in the saddle with Lee," for on January 19. the birthday of the great chieftain was observed with programs which told of his lofty character and stressed his virtues as exemplified in his daily life. Exercises were held at Stratford, the birthplace of the great commander; Washington and Lee University, where the great Southern hero sleeps his last sleep, at the Soldiers Home in Richmond where Marse Bob is loved and revered by those who followed him so loyally for four years. Exercises were also held at Lee Mounment in Richmond and at the Confederate Museum. Every chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy had a program in his honor and many sought to perpetuate the name and fame of Robert Edward Lee by a suitable program in the public schools.

Virginia Division has settled down in earnest to the work of the year through financial stringency of the times has made inroads upon its membership; yet many of the members who thought necessity have become inactive have signified their intention of resuming their obligations as soon as possible. The Executive Board held its midwinter meeting in Orange on January 23 which was quite largely attended and much business was transacted.

The Division will meet on October in Petersburg. with Petersburg Chapter as hostess. Already plans are under way to make the occasion a success.

Mrs. Severn Nottingham, of Orange, is president of the Division and she is carrying on the work of the Division with signal ability. From present indication Virginia will have a good year.

MEMORIAL SERVICES: January 19, marked the fifth anniversary of the formal contract that made Stratford a National shrine, and here on Sunday, January 21st, the annual memorial service for General Lee was held.

An exceptional interesting program was given, sponsored by the Montross District Committee of the Robert E. Lee Foundation.

Mrs. Walter Chinn, Chairman for Westmoreland county, expressed her gratification at the growing interest in this Memorial service as evidenced by the large attendance, there being approximately 400 present.

General Cheatham gave a most gracious welcome to the assemblage, after which Mrs. E. T. Ames Chairman took charge of the program, and introduced the speakers in her usual charming manner. The speaker of the occasion was the address made by Dr. Forrest J. Prettyman, former Chaplain of the U. S. Senate and now pastor of the Fredericksburg Methodist Church.

A letter from Mrs. Charles D. Lanier President of the Robert E. Lee Foundation was read in which she "sent love and greetings to all who were so fortunate to be present at Stratford, the birthplace of our illustrious General and the place to which he longed to return."

The exercises were held out of doors, in front of the grand old mansion. While the Robert E. Lee Memorial services are held throughout the nation, we feel that no where is this tribute of love and respect so compelling as at Stratford, the place hallowed by his birth and blessed by the footprints of his early boyhood.

The Managing-Editor's Corner

"Firsts," are always interesting! When it became a positive fact that a new magazine, devoted to United Daughters of Confederacy interests and progress, was a certainty, we naturally wondered who would be the First subscriber. In December Mrs. Charles N. Boulden of Baltimore, Md., sent us the first check for a subscription. The card bearing her address rattled around alone in the file for sometime before it had a companion. The second subscription coming from Miss Margaret Rouquie of Georgetown, S. C. The third was received a week later from Mrs. Kate Speake Penny of Birmingham, Ala. After this, the little slips began to come thick and fast and the Managing Editor had to work hard to keep up with the list. Many subscriptions came from far away. Some of the firsts were Mrs. B. E. Chaney, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. Betty Smyer, Susansville, Oregon; Mrs. Harry M. Davis, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. G. A. Gray, Belton Texas, Mrs. T. E. Meyers, Portales, Mexico; Secretary Josephus Daniels, Mexico City, Mexico.

Our first five year subscription came from Mrs. L. G. W. Hood, Nashville, Tenn. The second five years subscription was from Mrs. Charles Looney of New York City.

The race for the February 15th cup was quite interesting. It was won by Florida with an average of two subscriptions for every chapter in the Division. Miss Rose Sheppard, Jacksonville, was the campaign manager. Illinois ran second with a large number of subscriptions from Chicago. South Carolina with Miss Margaret B. Rouquie, manager, stood third. Virginia and North Carolina tieing for fourth place with Maryland and Missouri fifth. Richmond, Virginia, chapters and the home chapter, Wythe Grey of Wytheville, stand ahead with the greatest number per chapter.

Two more prizes now to win! One for the greatest number per capita in any Division and the $25 prize to the individual sending in the greatest number of subscriptions this year. Miss Shepherd of Florida, leads with Miss Rouquie of South Carolina, second and Mrs. Charles Bolling of Richmond, third.

The Conquered Banner

(Continued from page 22)

Interspersed among the scenes of war are scenes giving the social life of the times. Music accompanies most of these social scenes and several of the martial ones. There are: "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Carolina Calling," "Susanna," "Virginia," "Turkey in the Straw," "Lorena," "Our Flag."

Taking the series as a whole, the pictures themselves, with their titles and accompanying music, the attempt has been quite successfully made to portray and narrate the history of the Confederate flag, and of several of the most important episodes in Confederate history, and to set forth in many of the scenes the social life of the South in the sixties.

The picture is to be commended as instructive and entertaining and well worth seeing by both adults and young people. But it ought to be exhibited especially in places where our young people could see it readily, for they should not be allowed to grow up ignorant of the days of yesteryears in the South.